THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The College Man's Number

DRAWN BY CARL A. STREHLAU

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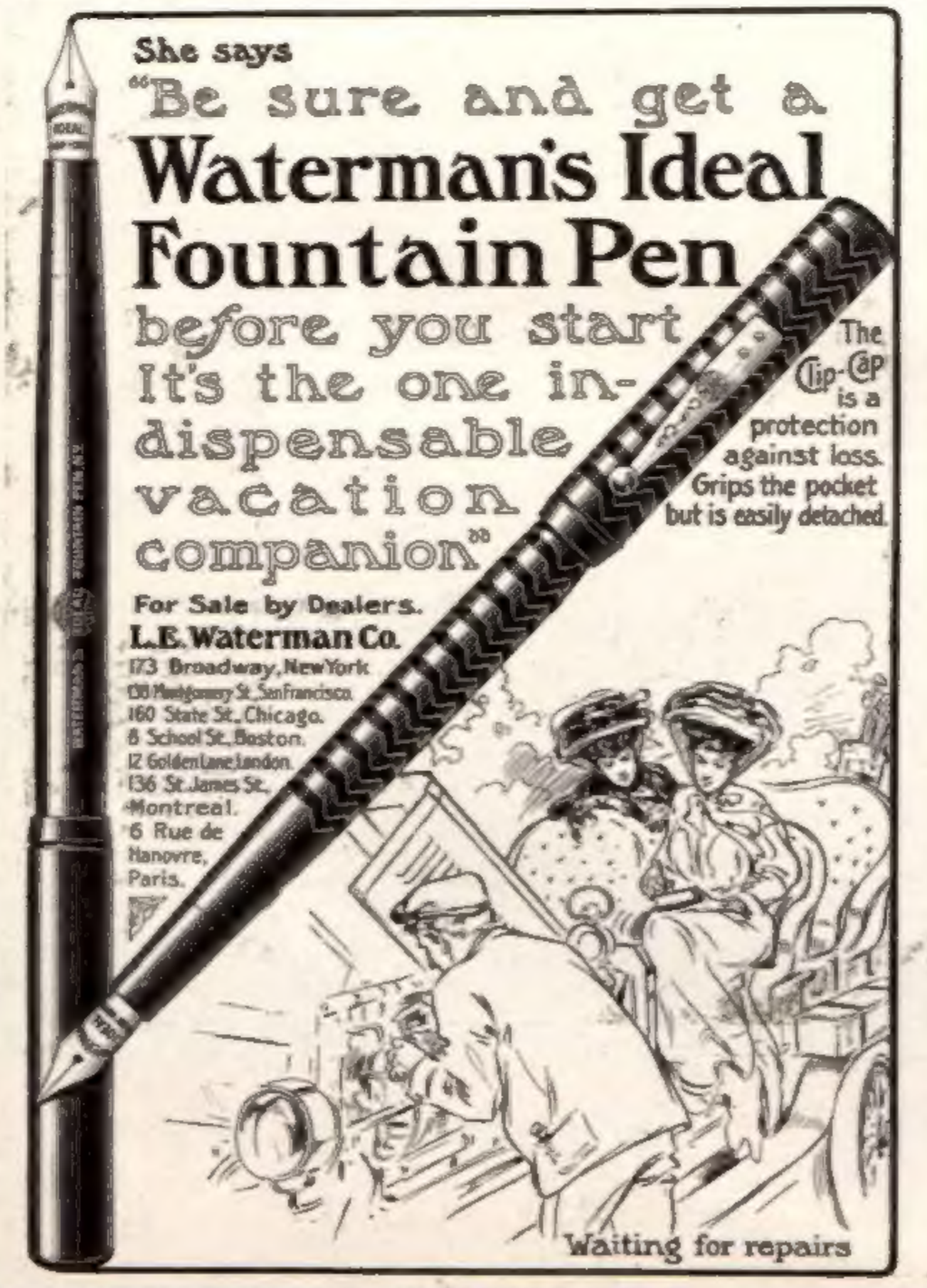
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The Young Man and College Life—By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

His Choice of Work and His Share of Play

TO SAY the very least, Collis P. Huntington was a notable practical success. He was wise with the hard wisdom of the world; and he had the genius of the great captain for choosing men. No business general ever selected his lieutenants with more accurate judgment. His opinion on men and affairs was always worth while. And he thought young men who meant to do anything except in the learned professions wasted time by going to college. So when, searching for my final answer to the question this moment being asked by so many young Americans, "Shall I go to college?" I answer in the affirmative, I do so admitting that a negative answer has been given by men whose opinions are entitled to the greatest possible respect. I admit, too, that nearly every city—yes, almost every town—contains conspicuous illustrations of men who learned how to "get there" by attending only the school of hard knocks. Certainly the two most distinguished business careers in New York have been made by young men who never saw a college.

I have a man in mind whose performances in business have been as solid as they are astonishing. Twenty years ago he was a street-car conductor. To-day he controls large properties in which he is himself a heavy owner; and a dozen graduates of the high-class universities of Europe and America beg the crumbs of business that fall from the table of his affairs. Wendell Phillips' Phi Beta Kappa address demonstrated that the reformers of the world, and most of those whose memories are the beloved and cherished treasures of the race, were men whose vitality had not been reduced by college training, and whose kinship with the people and oneness with the soil had not been divorced by the artificial refinement of a college life. But Phillips was bitter—even fanatical—on this subject, and was, in himself, a living denial of his own doctrine.

Two Sides of a Big Question

REMEMBER, then—you who for any reason have not had those years of mental discipline called "a college education"—that this does not excuse you from doing great work in the world. Do not whine and declare that you could have done so much better if you had "only had the chance to go to college." You can be a success if you will, college or no college. At least three of those famous magicians of business which Chicago, the commercial capital of the Continent, has given to the world, men whose legitimate operations in tangible merchandising are so vast that they are almost weird, had no college education and very little education of any kind. I think, indeed, that very few of America's kings of trade ever attended college. There are the masters of railroad management, too. Few of them have been college men; although the college man is now appearing among them—witness President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania System, a real Napoleon of railroading, who is a graduate of the German universities and of American polytechnic schools.

And Burns did not go to college, nor did Shakespeare. Some of our greatest lawyers "read law" in the unrefined but honest and strengthening environment of the old-time law-office. Lincoln was not a college man. Neither was Washington. So do not excuse yourself to your family and the world upon the ground that you never had a college education. That is not the reason why you fail. You can succeed—I repeat it—college or no college; all you have to do in the latter case is to put on a little more steam. And remember that some of the world's sages of business have closed their life's wisdom with the deliberate opinion that a college education was a waste of time and an over-refinement of body and of mind.

You see, I am trying to take into account every possible view of this weighty question; for I know how desperate a matter it is to hundreds of thousands of my young countrymen. I know how earnestly they are searching for an answer; how hard it will be for hosts of them to obey an affirmative answer; how intense is the desire of the great majority of young Americans to decide this question wisely. For most of them have no time to lose, little money to spend and none to waste, no energy to spare, and yet are inspired with high resolve to make the most of life. And I know how devoutly they pray that they may choose the better part.

Still, with all this in mind, my advice is this: Go to college. Go to the best possible college for *you*. Patiently hold on through the sternest discipline you can stand until the course is completed. It will not be fatal to your success if you do not go; but you will be better prepared to meet the world if you do go. I do not mean that your mind will be stored with much more knowledge that will be useful to you if you go through college than if you do not go through college. Probably the man who keeps at work at the business he is going to follow through life, during the years when other men are studying in college, acquires more information that will be "useful" to him in his practical career. But the college man who has not thrown away his college life comes from the training of his Alma Mater with a mind as highly disciplined as are the wrist and eye of the skilled swordsman.

Nobody contends that a college adds an ounce of brain power. But if college opportunities are not wasted, such mind as the student does have is developed up to the highest possible point of efficiency. The college man who has not scorned his work will understand any given situation a great deal quicker than his brother who, with equal ability, has not had the training of the university. A man who has been instructed in boxing is more than a match for a stronger and braver man unskilled in what is called the "manly art." That is your college and non-college man over again with muscle substituted for brain.

Four years ago I saw the soldiers of Japan going through the most careful training. They were taught how to march, how to charge, how to do everything. I shall never forget the bayonet exercises which an officer and myself chanced upon. They were conducted with all the ferocity of a real fight—no point was neglected. With all their fatalism, and the utter fearlessness thereof, the Japanese could not have bested the Russians if, to their courage and devotion, they had not added years of painstaking drill which an American soldier would have refused to submit to on the ground that it was an unnecessary hardship. A college education is precisely that kind of a preparation for the warfare of life.

But, mind you, these Japanese soldiers and their officers were in earnest. They meant to show the world that, small as they are in stature and recent as their adoption of modern methods has been, they nevertheless would try to be the highest type of soldier that ever marched to a battlefield. If you go to college, young man, you have got to be in earnest, too. You have got to say to yourself: "I am going to make more out of what is in me than any man with like ability ever did before." You cannot dawdle—remember that. Imagine every day and every hour of every day that you are in the real world and in the real conflicts thereof instead of in college with its practice conflicts, and handle yourself precisely as you would if your whole career depended upon each task set for you. If you mean to go to the college for the principal purpose of idling around, wearing a small cap and good clothes, and being the adoration of your mother and your sisters on your vacation, you had a good deal better be at work at some gainful occupation. College is not helping you if that is what you are doing: it is hurting you.

When Education is Worse than Useless

GO TO college, therefore, say I; but go to college for business. Those drill years are the most important ones of your life.

Be in earnest. I know I have said that before; yes, and I am going to say it again. For if you are not going to be in earnest—quit: get out! Resolve to get absolutely everything there is to be had out of your college experience; and then *get it*. Get it, I say, for that is what you will have to do. Nobody is going to give it to you. The spirit with which you enter college is just as important as going to college at all. It is more important. For if a man has the spirit that will get for him all that a college education has to give he has the spirit that would make him triumph in a contest with the world even if he did not get his college education. It would only be a little harder for him: that is all. But if a man has not that mingled will and wish for a college education flaming through his young veins which makes him capable of any sacrifice to get through college, I do not see what good a college education will do him—no, or any other kind of an education. The quicker such a man is compelled to make his own living without help from any source, the better for him.

So, if you mean business, but have not decided whether it is better for you to go to college or not to go to college, settle the question to-day by deciding to go to college.

Then pick your college. That is as important a matter as choosing your occupation in life. One college is not as good as another, for *you*. A score of colleges may be equally excellent in the ability of their faculties, in the perfection of their equipment. But each has its own atmosphere and traditions. Each has its personality, if you may apply such a word to an institution. And you want to select the place

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Senator Beveridge on The Young Man in the World. The next will appear in an early number.

where your mental roots will strike into the earth most readily and take from the intellectual soil surrounding you the greatest possible amount of mental force and vigor.

Take plenty of time, then, to find out which, out of a score of colleges, is the best one for you. Study their "catalogues," talk to men who have been to these various institutions, read every reputable article you can find about them. Keep this up long enough and you will become conscious of an unreasoned knowledge that such and such an institution is not the place for *you* to go. Finally write to the president or other proper officer of the group of colleges, one of which you mean to attend. You will get some sort of an answer from each of them; but if it is only three lines that answer will breathe something of the spirit of the institution. Of course, the great universities will answer you very formally, or perhaps not at all. Their attitude is the impersonal one. They say to the world and to the youth thereof: "Here we are. We are perfectly prepared. We have on hand a complete stock of education. Take it or leave it. It is not of the slightest concern to us."

I have no quarrel with that attitude. These great universities are going on the assumption that you already have character and purpose; that you already know what you are about. They are ready for you if you are ready for them. And if you are not ready for them, if you are only a rich person or a mere stroller along the highways of life, what is that to them? Why should it be anything to them? Why should it be anything to anybody? The world is busy, young man. You have got to make yourself worth while if it pays any attention to you.

The Ozone of Earnestness

MAKING sure always that the college of your choice is well equipped, select the one where you will feel the most at home; other things being equal, go where there are the most men in whose blood burns the fire which is racing through your veins. Go to the college in whose atmosphere you will find most of the ozone of earnestness. It may well be that you will find this thing in one of the smaller colleges, of which there are so many and such excellent ones scattered all over the nation. Certainly these little colleges have this advantage: their students are usually very poor boys who have to struggle and deny themselves to go to college at all—young men whose determination to do their part in the world is so great that hunger is a small price to pay for that preparation which they think a college education gives them; men whose resolve to "make something of themselves," as the common saying goes, is so irresistible that they simply cannot endure to stay away from college.

Such men have hard muscles, made strong and tense by youthful toil; great lungs expanded by plow in field or axe in forest; nerves of steel tempered by days of labor in open air and nights of dreamless slumber which these hypnotics of Nature always induce. These men have strong, firm mouths, clear, honest eyes that look you straight and fair, and a mental and moral constitution which fit these physical manifestations. The weak-chinned, shifty-eyed man never gets to such colleges. Fellows like these earnest students believe in the honor of men, the virtue of women, the sacredness of home, and that the American people have a mission in the world marked out for them by the Ruler of the Universe.

And these are just the men among whom you ought to spend your college life if you are one of the same kind.

But you know what kind of a man you are, and, therefore, you will find out, if you search with care, what college is the best for *you*. I insist upon the importance of this selection. It is a real, practical problem. You will never have a more important task set you in college, when you finally go to college, or even throughout your entire life, than to select the college which is going to do you the most good. So go about it with all the care with which you would plan a campaign if you were a general in the field, or conduct an experiment if you were a scientist in the laboratory.

This one word of definite helpfulness on this subject: Do not choose any particular college because you want to be known as a Yale man, a Harvard man, a Princeton man, a Cornell man, or any other kind of a man. Remember that the world cares less than the snap of its fingers what particular *college* man you are. What the world cares about is that you should *be* a man—a real *man*. It won't help you a bit in the business of your life to have it known that you graduated from any particular college or university. If you are in politics it won't give you a vote; if you are a manufacturer it will not add a brick to your plant; if a merchant it will not sell a dollar's worth of your goods.

Nobody cares what college you went to. Nobody cares whether you went to college at all.

But everybody cares whether you are a real force among men; and everybody cares more and more as it becomes clearer and clearer that you are not only a force, but a trained, disciplined force. That is why you ought to go to college—to become a trained, disciplined force. But how and where you got your power?—the world of men and women is far too interested in itself to be interested in that.

And when you do finally go to college, take care of yourself like a man. I am told that there are men in college who have valets to care for them, their room and their clothes. Think of that now! Don't do anything like that even if you are a hundred times a millionaire. Of course you won't—you who read this—because not one out of ten thousand young Americans can afford to have a valet—thank Heaven! But don't do any of the many things which belong to that life of self-indulgence of which the keeping of a valet is a flaring illustration. Later, when you have "made good" with the world a man to help you with your personal affairs may not be amiss. It saves time, certainly. But I am now talking of the young man in college—and *he* needs no valet and should not be allowed one.

Don't let kind friends litter up your room with a lot of cushions and such stuff.

The world for which you are preparing is no "cushiony" place, let me tell you; and if you let luxury relax your nerves and soften your brain-tissues and make your muscles mushy a similar mental and moral condition will develop. And then when you go out into the real life you will find some sturdy young barbarian with a Spartan training and a merciless heart elbowing you clear off the earth. For, mark you, these strong, fearless, masterful young giants, who are every day maturing among the common people of America, ask no quarter and give none; and it is such fellows you must go up against. And when you do go up against them there will be no appealing to father and mother to help you. Father and mother cannot help you. Nobody can help you but yourself. You will find that the cushion business and the mandolin business, and all that sort of thing, do not go in real life.

Consider West Point and Annapolis. My understanding is that the men whom the nation is training there for the skilled defense of the Republic, and who, therefore, must be developed into the very highest types of effective manhood, are taught to clean and polish their own shoes, make their own beds, care for their own guns, and do everything else for themselves. Do you think that it is a good training for our generals and admirals? Of course you do. Well, then, do you imagine that you are going to have an easier time in your business or profession than the officers in our army and navy? Don't you believe it for a minute! You are not going to have an easier time than they. You are going to have a good deal harder time. And by "hard time" I do not mean an unhappy time. What greater joy can there be for a man than the sheer felicity of doing a real man's work in the world?

While I am on this subject I might as well say another thing. Do not think that you have got to smoke in order to be or look like a college man. A pipe in the mouth of a youth does not make him look like a college man or any other kind of a man. It simply makes him look absurd: that is all. And if there is ever a time on earth when you do not need the stimulus of tobacco it is while you are in college. For tobacco is a wonderful vegetable. It is, I believe, the only substance in the world which is at the same time a stimulant and a narcotic.

College No Place for Decadents

VERY well; you are too young yet to need a heart stimulant, too young to need anything to soothe your nerves.

If, at your tender age, your nerves are so inflamed that they must be soothed, and if at the very sunrise of your life your heart is so feeble that it must be forced with any stimulant, you had better quit college. College is no place for you if you are such a decadent; yes, and you will find the world a good deal harder place than college.

Cut out tobacco, therefore. For a young fellow in college it is a ridiculous affectation—nothing more. Why? Because you do not need tobacco yet: that is why. The time may come when you will find tobacco helpful; but it will not be until you have been out of college a long time. As to whether tobacco is good for a man at any stage of life the doctors disagree, and "where doctors disagree who shall decide?" Ruskin says that no really immortal work has been done in the world since tobacco was introduced, but we know that this is not true. I would not be understood as having a prejudice for or against the weed. Whether a full-grown man shall use it or not is something for himself to decide. Personally, I liked it so well that I made up my mind a long time ago to give it up altogether. But there is absolutely no excuse for a man young enough to still be in college to use it at all. And it does not look right—it surely does not. Tobacco in the mouth of *youth* has something contemptible about it. I will not argue whether this is justified or not. That is the way most people feel about it, and even if their feeling is a prejudice there is no use of your needlessly offending that prejudice.

And, of course, you will not disgrace yourself by drinking. There is absolutely nothing in it. If you do not think so have your fling at it—and learn how surely Intoxication's apples of gold always turn to the bitterest ashes in the eating. But when you do find how fruitless of everything but regrets dissipation is, be honest with yourself and quit it. Be honest with the mother who is at home praying for you and quit it. But this is weak advice—be honest with that mother who is at home praying for you and *never begin it*. That's the thing—*never begin it!* Also, there is some distinction in never beginning it—for so very many have taken intoxicants at one time or another.

So distinguish yourself and don't ever take stimulants. In a word, be a man; and you will be very little of a man, very little indeed, if you have got to resort to tobacco and liquor to add to your blood and conduct that touch of devilishness which so many think is a necessary part of manliness. Indeed, between fifteen and thirty years of age your blood will be quite full enough of the untamed and desperate. I do not object in the least to this wild mustang period in a man's life. What was it that was said of Bismarck?—"The man who at thirty will scuttle a ship, at sixty will rule a nation."

The More Fun the Better

IS A FELLOW to have no fun? you will say. Of course, have all the fun you want: the more the better. But if you need stimulants and tobacco to key you up to the capacity for fun, you are a solemn person indeed. What I mean is that you shall do nothing that will destroy your effectiveness. Play, sports, fun, do not do that. They increase your effectiveness. Go in for athletics all you please; but do not forget that that is not why you are going to college. Nobody cares how mad are the pranks you play. Take the bit and snaffle off of the humors of your blood whenever you please: that is all right. I never took much stock in the outcry against hazing. We cannot change our sex or the habits of it. A young man is a male animal, after all, and those who object to his rioting like a young bull are in a perpetual quarrel with Nature.

One thing I must warn you against, and warn you supremely: the critical habit of mind which somehow or other a college education does seem to produce. This is especially true of the great universities of our East. Nobody admires those splendid institutions more than I do; but has not every one of us many times heard their graduates declare that an irreparable mischief had been done them while in those universities by the cultivation of a sneering attitude toward everybody—especially toward every other young man—whom they see doing anything actual, positive or constructive? One of the best of these men—a man with a superb mind highly trained—said to me on this very subject:

"I confess that I came out of college with my initiative atrophied. I was afraid to do anything. I was afraid I would make a mistake if I did anything; afraid I was not well enough equipped to do the things that suggested themselves; afraid that if I did try to do anything everybody would criticise what I did; afraid that my old college mates would laugh at me. And I confess in humility that I myself acquired the habit of intellectual suspicion toward everybody who does try to do any real thing. I find myself sneering at young men who are accomplishing things."

Confirm this confession by dropping into a club where such men gather and hearing the talk about the ones who are doing things in the world. You will find that—until the men who *are* doing things have actually done them, done them well, and forced hostility itself to accept what they have done as good, honest pieces of work—the talk about them in these clubs will be that of harsh criticism, sneering contempt and prophecy of failure. Guard against that habit night and day. You had better become an opium-eater than to permit this paralysis of mind and soul.

Believe in things. Believe in other young men. When you see other young men trying to do things in business, politics, art, the professions, believe in the honesty of their purpose and their ability to do well what they have started out to do. Assume that they will succeed until they prove that they cannot. Do not discourage them, do not sneer at them. That will only weaken yourself. Believe in other young men and you will soon find yourself believing in yourself.

That is the most important thing of all: believe in yourself.

Do not underestimate your strength. Do not fear to attempt any task. There are things you would like to do—very well; sail in and do them! Do not be afraid of making a mistake. Do not be afraid that you will fail. Suppose you do fail. Millions have failed before you. But do not ever admit to yourself that you have failed. Try it again. You will win next time—sure! "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." How much sense there is in these common maxims of the common people—proverbs not written by any one man, but axioms that spring out of the combined intelligence of the millions!

What a fine thing it was that Grant said at Shiloh! The first day closed in disaster. The enemy had all but driven the Union Army into the river. Not a great distance from the banks of the stream they will still point out to you the tree under which Grant stood, cigar clinched between his teeth, directing the disposition of his forces. Some one reported to him a fresh disaster. With the calmness of the certainty that nobody could defeat *him*, Grant replied: "Never mind: we will lick them to-morrow."

In the same battle, it is credibly reported, Grant rode to an important position held by a great number of his troops under one of his most trusted generals.

"What have you been doing?" asked Grant.

"Fighting," answered the equally laconic commander in charge of that position.

For a while Grant surveyed the field, and, turning, was about to ride away.

"But what shall I do now, General?" asked his subordinate.

"Keep on fighting," answered Grant.

Do not get into the habit of feeling that you are not sufficiently well equipped. This comes of a very honest, intellectual process—the understanding, as we get more knowledge, of how very little we really know—as we get more skill, of how very unskilled we really are—the feeling that, high as our training is, there is some person else more highly trained. Of course there is, but if that is any excuse why you should do nothing—because there is some person who can do it better—you will never do anything; and then what would happen when all of the other fellows who "could do it better" died? You will by that time be too old to do anything at all. So sail in yourself and pat on the back every other young fellow that sails in. Learn the law, and then understand that the way to acquire the art of *practicing* law is to *practice* it and not watch somebody else practice it. Suppose every young man with a scientific mind had declined to make any experiment because there were abler scientists than he—how many Pasteurs and Finsens would the world have had? I might go on for an hour with similar illustrations.

So go ahead and try to do things. Believe that you can do things. You will be amazed at your own powers. And if you do not believe in yourself, how do you expect the world to believe in you? The world has no time to pet and coddle you, remember that. So get the habit of faith in yourself and your fellowmen. Cultivate a noble, intellectual generosity. It is a fine tonic for mind and soul—a fine tonic even for the body. The doctors say that envy, malice, jealousy produce a distinctly depressing effect upon the nervous system. Some go so far as to say that, if intense enough, these states of mind actually poison the secretions. Don't, therefore, let these hyena passions abide with you. Be generous. Have faith. Do things. Make mistakes and achieve success, fail or win—but do things. Share the common lot. Be hearty. Be whole-souled. Be a man. Never doubt for a moment that:

"God's in His Heaven:
All's right with the world."

This paper has been devoted to your mental and moral attitude toward your college and your college life rather than to what particular things you will study there. For the way you look at your college and the life you lead there—the spirit with which you enter upon these golden years—is the main thing. The studies themselves are the methods by which you apply that spirit and purpose. But most young men with whom I have talked want to know what "courses" to take, what studies to specialize upon. No general counsel can be given which will be very valuable to you upon this point. But I will venture this: Do not choose entirely by yourself what things you will study in college or what courses you will elect. You are so apt to pick the things that are easiest for you and not the things which are best for you. Even the strongest-willed men quite unconsciously select those things which will mean the least work. You do not think you are selecting certain courses or studies for this reason, and perhaps you are not, but then, again, perhaps you are, and you cannot yourself determine that.

Therefore I suggest that you counsel with four or five of the ablest and most successful men you know. Let two of these be educators and the others professional or business men. Try to get them to interest themselves enough in you that they will take the time to think the whole subject over very carefully as applied to your particular case, and then take further time to talk it over thoroughly with you.

Then take the consensus of their opinion, *unless your own view is decided, emphatic and irresistible.* When you have such an opinion of your own, such a command coming from the sources of your own mentality, obey that, in choosing your studies and course, rather than the counsel of any other man or number of men. Yes, obey that voice in making such a choice, and in making every choice throughout your whole life. For it is the voice of your real self—that inward counselor which never fails those who are fortunate enough to have it.

Of course, what you study ought to be influenced by what you intend to do in life. For example, the career of Civil Engineer dictates a special kind of preparation. So do the various occupations and professions. But, no matter what

(Concluded on Page 21)

THE TRIUMPHS OF EUGÈNE VALMONT—By Robert Barr

DRAWN BY EMLEN MC DONNELL

The Liberation of Wyoming Ed

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A MAN should present the whole truth to his doctor, his lawyer or his detective. If a doctor is to cure he must be given the full confidence of the patient; if a lawyer is to win a case he needs to know what tells against his client as well as the points in his favor; if a secret agent is to solve a mystery all the cards should be put on the table. Those who half trust a professional man will be disappointed.

A partial confidence reposed in me led to the liberation of a dangerous criminal, caused me to associate with a robber much against my own inclination, and brought me within danger of the law. Of course, I never pretend to possess that absolute confidence in the law which seems to be the birthright of every Englishman. I have lived too intimately among the machinery of the law, and have seen too many of its ghastly mistakes, to hold it in that blind esteem which appears to be prevalent in the British Isles.

There is a doggerel couplet which typifies this spirit better than anything I can write, and it runs:

No man e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law.

Those lines exemplify the trend of British thought in this direction. If you question a verdict of their courts you are a rogue, and that ends the matter. And yet, when an Englishman undertakes to circumvent the law, there is no other man on earth who will go to greater lengths. An amazing people! Never understandable by the sane of other countries.

It was entirely my own fault that I became involved in affairs which were almost indefensible and wholly illegal. My client first tried to bribe me into compliance with his wishes, which bribe I sternly refused. Then he partially broke down, and quite unconsciously, as I take it, made an appeal to the heart, a strange thing for an Englishman to do. My kind heart has ever been my most vulnerable part. We French are sentimentalists. France has before now staked its existence for an ideal, while other countries fight for continents, cash or commerce. You cannot pierce me with a lance of gold, but wave the wand of sympathy, and I am yours.

There waited upon me in my flat a man who gave his name as Douglas Sanderson, which may or may not have been his legitimate title. This was a question into which I never probed, and at the moment of writing am as ignorant of his true cognomen, if that was not it, as I was the day he first met me. He was an elderly man of natural dignity and sobriety, slow in speech, almost sombre in dress, in a costume not quite that of a professional man, and not quite that of a gentleman. I at once recognized the class to which he belonged—and a most difficult class it is to deal with. He was the confidential servant, or steward, of the representative of some ancient and probably noble family, embodying in himself all the faults and virtues, each a trifle accentuated, of the line he served, and to which, in order to produce him and his like, his father, grandfather and great-grandfather had probably been attached. It is frequently the case with such a man that the honor of the house he serves is more dear than it is to the heir of that house. Such a man is almost always the repository of family secrets, whom gold cannot affect, threats frighten, or cajolery influence.

I knew when I looked at my visitor that, practically, I was looking at his master, for I have known many cases where even the personal appearances of the two were almost identical, which may have given rise to the English phrase, "Like master, like man." And had I come later to know the master, I am sure that I should have found my surmise accurate. The servant would merely have appeared a little more haughty, a little less kind, a little more exclusive, a little less confidential, a little more condescending, a little less human, a little more Tory, and altogether a little less pleasant and easy to deal with.

"Sir," he began when I had waved him to a seat, "I am a very rich man, and can afford to pay well for the commission I request you to undertake. To ask you to name your own terms may seem unbusinesslike, so I may say at the outset I am not a business man. The service I shall ask will involve the utmost secrecy, and for that I am willing to pay. It may expose you to risk of limb or liberty, and for that I am willing to pay. It will probably necessitate the expenditure of a large sum of money; that sum is at your disposal."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of six stories by Mr. Barr, each complete in itself, but all dealing with the adventures of the detective, Eugène Valmont.

Here he paused: he had spoken slowly and impressively, and also with a touch of arrogance in his tone which aroused to his prejudice the combativeness latent in my nature. However, at that juncture I merely bowed my head, and replied in accents no less supercilious than his own:

"The task must either be unworthy or unwelcome. In mentioning first the terms you are inverting the natural order of things. You should state at the outset what you expect me to do; then, if I accept the commission, it is time to discuss the details of expenditure."

Either he had not looked for such a reply, or was loth to open his budget, for he remained a few moments with eyes bent upon the floor, and lips compressed in silence. At last he went on without change of inflection, without any diminution of that air of condescension which had so exasperated me in the beginning, and which was preparing a downfall for himself that would rudely shake this cold dignity that encompassed him like a cloak:

"It is difficult for a father to confide in a complete stranger the vagaries of a beloved son, and before doing so I must have your word that my communication will be regarded as strictly confidential."

"*Cela va sans dire.*"

"I do not understand French," said Mr. Sanderson severely, as if the use of the phrase were an insult to him.

I replied nonchalantly:

"It means: 'That goes without saying.' Whatever you care to tell me about your son will be mentioned to no one. Pray proceed without further circumlocution, for my time is valuable."

"My son was always a little wild and impatient of control. Although everything he could wish was at his disposal here at home, he chose to go to America, where he fell into bad company. I assure you there was no real harm in the boy, but he became implicated with others, and has suffered severely for his recklessness. For five years he has been an inmate of a prison in the West. He was known and convicted under the name of Wyoming Ed."

"What was his crime?"

"His alleged crime was the stopping, and robbing, of a railway train."

"For how long was he sentenced?"

"He was sentenced practically for life."

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Every appeal has been made to the Governor of the State in an endeavor to obtain a pardon. These appeals have failed. I am informed that if a man has money enough it may be possible to arrange for my son's escape."

"In other words, you wish me to bribe the officials of the prison?"

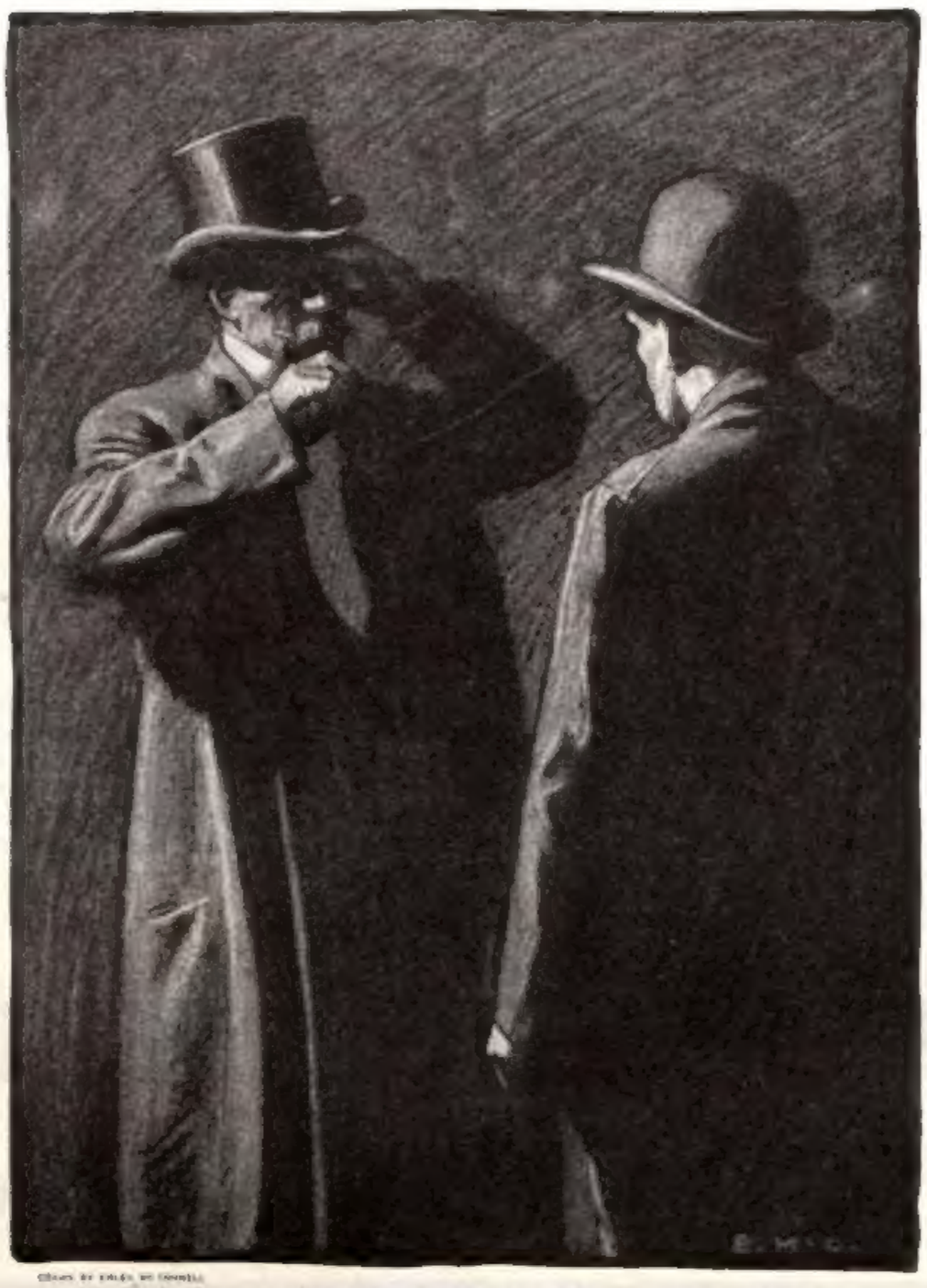
"I assure you the lad is innocent." For the first time a quiver of human emotion came into the old man's voice.

"Then, if you can prove that, why not apply for a new trial?"

"Unfortunately, the circumstances of the case, of his arrest on the train itself, the number of witnesses against him, give me no hope that a new trial would end in a different verdict, even if a new trial could be obtained, which I am informed is not possible. Every legal means tending to his liberation has already been tried."

"I see. And now you have determined to adopt illegal means? I refuse to have anything to do with the malpractice you propose. You objected to a phrase in French, Mr. Sanderson; perhaps one in Latin will please you better. It is '*Veritas prævalebit*,' which means, 'Truth will prevail.' I shall set your mind entirely at rest regarding your son. Your son at this moment occupies a humble, if honorable, position in the great house from which you came, and he hopes in time worthily to fill his father's shoes, as you have filled the shoes of your father. You are not a rich man, but a servant. Your son never was in America, and never will go there. It is your master's son, the heir to great English estates, who became the Wyoming Ed of the Western prison. Even from what you say, I have not the slightest doubt he was justly convicted, and you may go back to your master and tell him so. You came here to conceal the shameful secret of a wealthy and noble house; you may return knowing that secret has been revealed, and that the circumstances on which you so solemnly bound me to secrecy never existed. Sir, that is the penalty of lying."

The old man's contempt for me had been something to be felt rather than seen. The armor of icy reserve was so complete that actually I had expected to see him rise with undiminished hauteur, and leave the room, disdaining further parley with one who had insulted him. Doubtless



"HIS DEAD COMRADES ASK THE TRAITOR TO JOIN THEM"

that is the way in which his master would have acted, but even in the underling I was unprepared for an instantaneous crumbling of this monument of pomp and pride. A few moments after I began to speak in terms as severe as his own, his trembling hands grasped the arms of the chair in which he sat, and his ever-widening eyes, which came to regard me with something like superstitious dread as I went on, showed me I had launched my random arrow straight at the bull's-eye of fact. His face grew mottled and green rather than pale. When at last I accused him of lying, he arose slowly, shaking like a man with palsy, but, unable to support himself erect, sank helplessly back into his chair again. His head fell forward to the table before him, and he sobbed aloud.

"Heaven help me!" he cried. "It is not my own secret I am trying to guard."

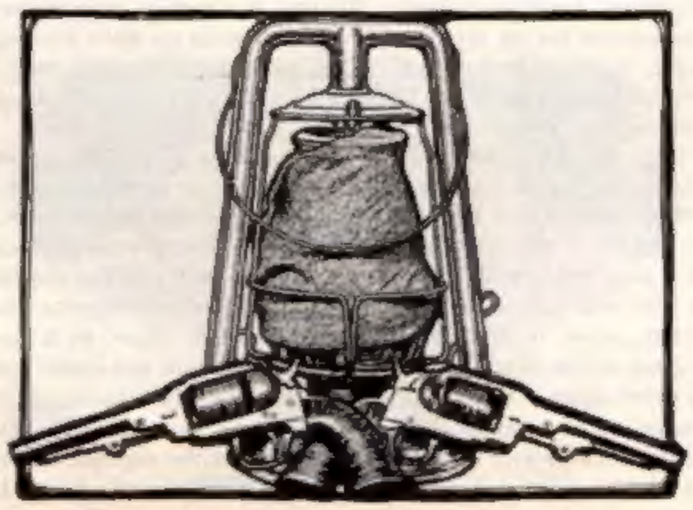
I sprang to the door and turned the key in the lock so that by no chance might we be interrupted. Then, going to the sideboard, I poured him out a liqueur-glassful of the finest cognac ever imported from south of the Loire, and, tapping Sanderson on the shoulder, said brusquely:

"Here, drink this. The case is no worse than it was half an hour ago. I shall not betray the secret."

He tossed off the brandy, and with some effort regained control of himself.

"I have done my errand badly," he wailed. "I don't know what I have said that has led you to so accurate a statement, but I have been a blundering fool!"

"Don't let that trouble you," I replied; "nothing you said gave me the slightest clew."



"You called me a liar," he continued, "and that is a hard word from one man to another, but I would not lie for myself, and when I do it for one I revere and respect, my only regret is that I have done it without avail."

"My dear sir," I assured him, "the fault is not with yourself at all. You were simply attempting the impossible. Stripped and bare, your proposal amounts to this: I am to betake myself to the United States, and there commit a crime, or a series of crimes, in bribing sworn officials to turn traitor to their duty and permit a convict to escape."

"You put it very harshly, sir. You must admit that, especially in new countries, there is lawlessness within the law as well as outside of it. The real criminals in the robbery of the railway train escaped: my young master—poor fellow!—was caught. His father, one of the proudest men in England, has grown prematurely old under the burden of this terrible dishonor. He is broken-hearted and a dying man, yet he presents an impassive front to the world, with all the ancient courage of his race. My young master is an only son, and, failing his appearance, should his father die, title and estates will pass to strangers. Our helplessness in this situation adds to its horror. We dare not make any public move. My old master is one with such influence among the governing class of this country, of which he has long been a member, that the average Englishman, if his name were mentioned, would think his power limitless. Yet that power he dare not use to save his own son from a felon's life and death. However much he or another may suffer, publicity must be avoided, and this is a secret which cannot safely be shared with more than those who know it now."

"How many know it?"

"In this country, three persons. In an American prison, one."

"Have you kept up communication with the young man?"

"Oh, yes."

"Direct?"

"No, through a third person. My young master has implored his father not to write to him direct."

"This go-between, as we may call him, is the third person in the secret? Who is he?"

"That I dare not tell you."

"Mr. Sanderson, it would be much better for your master and his son that you should be more open with me. These half confidences are misleading. Has the son made any suggestion regarding his release?"

"Not the suggestion I have put before you. His latest letter was to the effect that within six months or so there is to be an election for Governor. He proposes that a large sum of money shall be used to influence this election so that a man pledged to pardon him may sit in the Governor's chair."

"I see. And this sum of money is to be paid to the third person you referred to?"

"Yes."

"May I take it that this third person is the one to whom various sums have been paid during the last five years in order to bribe the Governor to pardon the young man?"

Sanderson hesitated a moment before answering; in fact, he appeared so torn between inclination and duty, anxious to give me whatever information I deemed necessary, yet hemmed in by the instructions with which his master had limited him, that at last I waved my hand and said:

"You need not reply, Mr. Sanderson. That third party is the crux of the situation. I strongly suspect him of blackmail. If you would but name him, and allow me to lure him to these rooms, I have a little private prison of my own into which I would thrust him, and I venture to say that before he had passed a week in darkness, on bread and water, we would have the truth about this business."

Look you, now, the illogical nature of the Englishman! Poor old Sanderson, who had come to me with a proposal to break the law of America, seemed horror-stricken when I airily suggested the haling of a man into a dungeon here in England. He gazed at me in amazement, then cast his eyes furtively about him, as if afraid a trapdoor might drop beneath him, and land him in my private oubliette.

"Do not be alarmed, Mr. Sanderson; you are perfectly safe. You are beginning at the wrong end of the business, and it seems to me five years of contributions to this third party without any result might have opened the eyes of the most influential nobleman in England, not to mention those of his faithful servant."

"Indeed, sir," said Sanderson, "I may confess to you that I have long had a suspicion of this third person, but my master has clung to him as his only hope, and if this third

person were interfered with, I may tell you that he has deposited in London, at some place unknown to us, a full history of this case. Should he disappear for more than a week at a time, these records will be brought to light."

"My dear Mr. Sanderson, that device is as old as Noah and his ark. I should chance that. Let me lay this fellow by the heels, and I will guarantee that no publicity follows."

Sanderson sadly shook his head.

"Everything might happen as you say, sir, but all that would put us no further forward. The only point is the liberation of my young master. It is possible that the person unmentioned, whom we may call Number Three, has been cheating us throughout, but that is a matter of no consequence."

"Pardon me, but I think it is. Suppose your young master here, and at liberty. This Number Three would continue to maintain the power over him which he seems to have held over his father for the last five years."

"I think we can prevent that, sir, if my plan is carried out."

"The scheme for bribing the American officials is yours, then?"

"Yes, sir; and I may say I am taking a great deal upon myself in coming to you. I am, in fact, disobeying the implied commands of my master, but I have seen him pay money, and very large sums of money, to this Number Three for the last five years, and nothing has come of it. My master is an unsuspicious man, who has seen little of the real world, and thinks every one as honest as himself."

"That may be, Mr. Sanderson, but permit me to suggest that the one who proposes a scheme of bribery, and, to put it mildly, an evasion of the law, shows some knowledge of the lower levels of the world, and is not quite in a position to plume himself on his own honesty."

"I am coming to that, Mr. Valmont. My master knows nothing whatever of my plan. He has given me the huge sum of money demanded by Number Three, and he supposes that amount has already been paid over. As a matter of fact, it has not been paid over, and will not be until my suggestion has been carried out or has failed. In fact, I am about to use that money, all of it, if necessary, if you will undertake the commission. I have paid Number Three his usual monthly allowance, and will continue to do so. I have told him my master has his proposal under consideration; that there are still six months to come and go upon, and that my master is not one who decides in a hurry."

"Number Three says there is an election in six months for Governor. What is the name of the State?"

Mr. Sanderson informed me. I walked to my bookcase and took down a current American Year-Book, consulted it, and returned to the table.

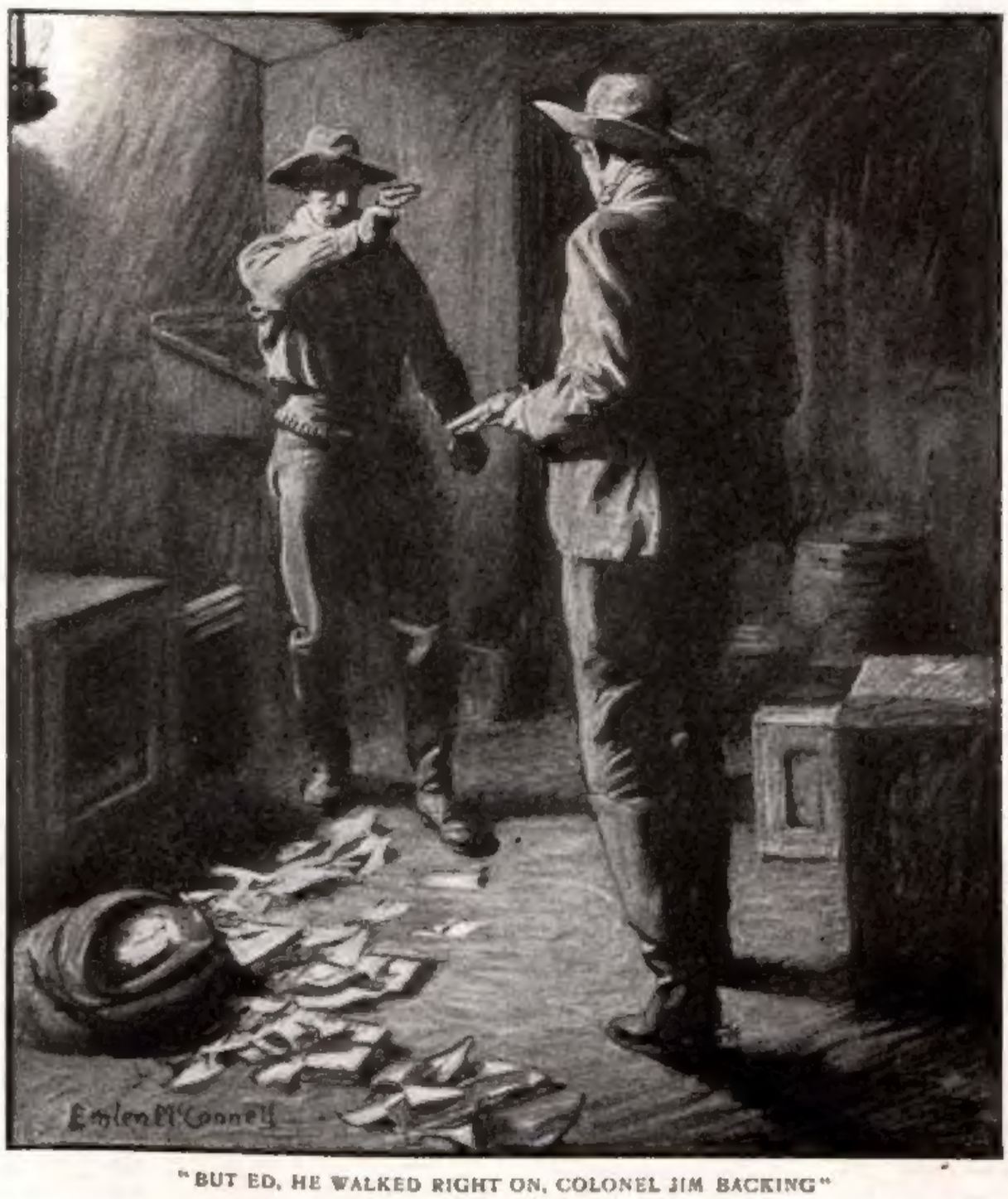
"There is no election in that State, Mr. Sanderson, for eighteen months. Number Three is simply a blackmailer, as I have suspected."

"Quite so, sir," replied Sanderson, taking a newspaper from his pocket. "I read in this paper an account of a man immured in a Spanish dungeon. His friends arranged it with the officials in this way: the prisoner was certified to have died, and his body was turned over to his relatives. Now, if that could be done in America, it would serve two purposes. It would be the easiest way to free my young master, and, as it would be a matter of record that he had died, there would ensue no search for him, as happens when a convict escapes. If you were so good as to undertake this task, you could perhaps see my young master in his cell, and ask him to write to this Number Three, with whom he is in constant communication, telling him he was very ill. Then you could arrange with the prison doctor that this person was informed of my young master's death."

"Very well, we can try that; but a blackmailer is not so easily thrown off the scent. Once he has tasted blood he is a man-eating tiger."

It will be seen that my scruples concerning the acceptance of this commission, and my first dislike of the old man, had both faded away during the conversation I have set down. I saw him under the stress of deep emotion, and latterly began to realize the tremendous chances he was taking in contravening the will of his imperious master. If the large sum of money was long withheld from the blackmailer, Douglas Sanderson had to run the risk of Number Three opening up communication direct with his master, and investigations would show that the old servant had come perilously near laying himself open to a charge of breach of trust, and even of defalcation with regard to the money, and all this danger he was heroically incurring for the unselfish purpose of serving the interests of his employer. During our long interview old Sanderson gradually became a hero in my eyes, and, entirely in opposition to the resolution I had made at the beginning, I accepted his commission at the end of it.

Nevertheless, my American experiences are those of which I am least proud, and all I care to say upon the subject is that my expedition was completely successful. The young man was my companion on the Arontic, the first steamship sailing for England after we reached New York from the West. Of course, I knew that two or three years roughing it in mining camps and on ranches, followed by five years in prison, must have produced a radical effect not only on the character, but also in the personal appearance of a man who had undergone these privations. Nevertheless, making allowance for all this, I could not but fear the ancient English family, of which this young man was the hope and pride, would be exceedingly disappointed with him. In spite of the change which grooming and the wearing of a civilized costume made upon him, Wyoming Ed still looked more the criminal than the gentleman. I considered myself in honor bound not to make any inquiries from the young man regarding his parentage. I may also add that the young man volunteered no particulars about himself or his family. Only once on board ship did he attempt to get some information.



"BUT ED, HE WALKED RIGHT ON, COLONEL JIM BACKING"

"You are acting for some one else, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes."

"For some one in England?"

"Yes."

"He put up the money, did he?"

"Yes."

There was a pause.

"Of course, there's no secret about it," he said at last. "I expected help from the other side, but Colonel Jim has been so mighty long about it, I was afraid he'd forgotten me."

"Who is Colonel Jim?"

"Colonel Jim Baxter. Wasn't it him gave you the money?"

"I never heard of the man before."

"Then who put up the coin?"

"Douglas Sanderson," I answered, looking at him sidewise. It had apparently no effect upon him.

This led me to suspect that Douglas Sanderson had not given me his own name, and doubtless the address with which he had furnished me was merely temporary. I had not cabled to him from America regarding the success of the expedition because I could not be certain it was a success until I was safely on English ground, and not even then, to tell the truth. Anyhow, I wished to leave no trail behind me, but the moment the Arontic reached Liverpool I telegraphed Sanderson to meet us that evening in my flat.

He was waiting for me when Wyoming Ed and I entered together. The old man was quite evidently in a state of nervous tension.

"Have you brought him with you?" he cried.

"Brought him with me!" I echoed. "Here is Wyoming Ed!"

The old man glared at him for a moment or two, stupefied. Then he moaned: "That is not the man!"

I turned to my short-haired fellow-traveler.

"You told me you were Wyoming Ed!"

He laughed uneasily.

"Well, in a manner of speaking, so I have been for the last five years, but I wasn't Wyoming Ed before that. Say, old man, are you acting for Colonel Jim Baxter?"

Sanderson, on whom a dozen years seemed to have fallen since we entered the room, appeared unable to speak, and merely shook his head in a hopeless sort of way.

"I say, boys," ejaculated the ex-convict, with an easy laugh, half-comic, half-bewildered, "this is a sort of mix-up, isn't it? I wish Colonel Jim was here to explain. I say, boss," he cried suddenly, turning sharp on me, "this here misfit's not my fault. I didn't change the children in the cradle. You don't intend trying to send me back to that hell-hole, do you?"

"No," I said, "not if you tell the truth. Sit down."

The late prisoner seated himself in a chair as close to the door as possible, hitching a little nearer as he sat down. His face had taken on a sharp, crafty aspect.

"What am I to call you?" I asked him.

With a forced laugh he said: "You can call me Jack."

"Very well, Jack, help yourself to some whisky," said I, and he poured out a very liberal glass of the liquor, refusing to dilute it with soda.

"Now, Jack," I began, "I may tell you plainly that if I wished to send you back to prison I could not do so without incriminating myself. You are legally dead, and you have now a chance to begin a new and good life, an opportunity of which I hope you will take proper advantage. If you were to apply three weeks from now at the prison doors they would not dare to admit you. I can promise that if you answer all my questions truthfully you shall be given money enough to help you make a good start."

"Fire away," said Jack briefly.

"You were known in prison as Wyoming Ed?"

"Yes, sir."

"If that was not your name, why did you take it?"

"Because Colonel Jim, on the train, asked me to do that. He said it would give him a pull in England to get me free."

"Did you know Wyoming Ed?"

"Yes, sir; he was one of us three that held up the train."

"What became of him?"

"He was shot dead."

"By one of the passengers?"

"You don't expect me to give a pal away, do you?"

"As that pal has given you away for the last five years, it seems to me you shouldn't have very much consideration for him."

"I'm not so sure he did."

"I am. But never mind that point. Colonel Jim Baxter shot Wyoming Ed, and killed him. Why?"

"See here, my friend, you're going a little too fast. I didn't say that."

He reached somewhat defiantly for the bottle.

"Pardon me," I said, rising quietly, and taking possession of the bottle myself, "it grieves me more than I can say to restrict my hospitality. I have never done such a thing in my life before, but this is not a drinking bout; it is a very serious conference. The whisky you have already taken has

(Continued on Page 18)

TALES OF THE ROAD

By Charles N. Crewdson

Hiring and Handling Salesmen

TO HIRE and handle salesmen is the most important work of the head of the house. When a man goes out on the road to represent a firm his traveling expenses alone are from five to twenty-five dollars a day, and sometimes even fifty. His salary is usually as much as his expenses, if not more. If a salesman does not succeed, a great portion of his salary and expenses is a dead loss, and, further, the firm is making a still greater loss if he does not do the business. In fact, if a poor man, succeeding a good one, fails down, his house can very easily lose many thousands of dollars by not holding the old trade of the man whose place he took. If all the wholesale houses in Chicago, say, which have a good line of salesmen, were, at the beginning of the year, to lose all of those salesmen and replace them with dummies, three-fourths of these firms would go broke in from six months to three years. This is how important the salesman is to his firm.

I put hiring and handling of salesmen before having a strong line of goods, because, if the proper salesmen are hired and are handled correctly, they will soon compel the house to put out the right line of goods. Just as a retail merchant should consult with his clerks about what he should buy, so should the head of the wholesale house find out from his men on the road what they think will sell best. The salesman rubs up against the consumer and knows at first hand what the customer actually wants.

When the head of a house has a man to hire, the first man he looks for is one who has an established trade in the territory to be covered—a trade in his line of business. A house I have in mind which, ten years ago, was one of the "top-notchers" in this country, has gone almost to the foot of the class because the old man who hired and handled the salesmen in that house died and was succeeded by younger heads not nearly so wise.

The "still hunt" was the old man's method. When he needed a salesman for a territory he would go out somewhere in that territory himself and feel about for a man. He would usually make friends with the merchants and find out from them the names of the best men on the road and his chances for getting one of them. The merchants can always spot the bright salesman. When they have rubbed up against them a few times they know the sort of mettle they are made of. The merchant appreciates the bright salesman, whether he does business with him or not, and the salesman who is a man will always find welcome under the merchant's roof. Salesmen are the teachers of the merchant, and the merchant knows this. Whenever he is planning to change locations, build a new store, move to some other town, put in a new department, or make any business change whatsoever, it is with traveling men that he consults. They can tell him whether or not the new location will be a good one, and they can tell him if the new department which he is figuring on starting is proving profitable over the country in general. And, on the other hand, when the traveling man is expecting to make a change of houses, he often asks the advice of the merchant.

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of articles by Mr. Crewdson, each complete in itself, but all dealing with the work of the traveling salesman. The next will appear in an early number.

One of the biggest clothing salesmen in the United States once told me how this same old man hired him. Said Simon:

"When I started out on the road my hair was moss. I almost had to use a horse-comb to curry it down so I could wear my hat. Heavens, but I was green! I had been a stock-boy for a third-rate house and they put me out in Colorado. Don't know whether I have made much progress or not. My forefathers carried stuff on their backs; I carry it in trunks. Although changing is often bad business, the best step I ever made was to leave the little house and go with a bigger one. I had been piking along, and, although I was giving my little firm entire satisfaction, I was not pleasing myself with what I was doing. I could go out in the brush with my line, riding on a wagon behind broncos, where a first-class man wouldn't, and dig up a little business with the yokels, but I couldn't walk into a *macher* (big merchant) and do business with him. Yet, when I first started out, I was fool enough to try it, and I made several friends among the bigger merchants of Denver. This did me no harm.

"One day, when I went in to see one of these big men in Denver, he said to me: 'Look here, Simon, you're a mighty good fellow and I'd like to do business with you, but you know I can't handle any goods from the concern you represent. Why don't you make a change?' I said to him: 'Well, I'm really thinking about it, but I don't know just where I can get in.' He said: 'I think I can give you a good tip. Old man Strouss from Chicago is out here looking for a man for this territory. He was in to see me only yesterday and told me he was on the lookout for a bright fellow. He's stopping up at the Windsor and I'd advise you to go over and get next if you can.'

"'Thank you very much,' said I; and I went over to the Windsor—I was putting up there—and asked the head clerk, who was a good friend of mine, where Strouss was.

"'Why, Simon,' said he, 'he's just gone down to the depot to take the D. & R. G. for Colorado Springs, but you will have no trouble finding him if you want to see him. They're not running any sleepers on the train. It's just a local between here and Pueblo. He wears gold-rimmed spectacles, is bald, and smokes all the time.'

"I called a cab, rushed down to the depot, checked my trunks to Colorado Springs, and jumped on the train just as she was pulling out. I spotted the old man as I went into the coach. He was sitting in a double seat with his feet up on the cushions. I got a whiff of his cheap cigar ten feet away. Luckily for me, all the seats in the car except the one the old man had his feet on were occupied, so I marched up and said: 'Excuse me, sir; I dislike to make you uncomfortable,' and sat down in front of him.

"The old man saw that I was one of the boys, and, as he wanted to pump me, he warmed up and offered me one of his 'Lotties.' I shall never forget that cigar. Smoke 'em in Colorado—smell 'em in Europe! I managed to drop it on the floor in a few minutes so that I could switch on to one of mine. I pulled out a pair of two-bit straights and passed one over, lighting the other for myself.

"'Dot vas a goot seecar,' said the old man. 'You are on der roat?'

"'Yes,' said I.

"'Vat's your bees'ness?'

"'I'm selling clothing.'

"'Vat? Vell, I am in dot bees'ness myself.'

"'Whom do you travel for?' said I, playing the innocent.

"'I'm not on de roat,' said the old man. 'I am just out on a leetle trip for my healt'. I am a monufacturer. Whom do *you* trafel for?'

"I told him, and then tried to switch the conversation on to something else. I knew the old man wouldn't let me do it.

"'V'ere do you trafel?' said he.

"'Colorado, Utah, and up into Montana and Wyoming,' I answered.

"The old man took his feet off the cushions and his arms from the back of his seat. I thought I had him right then.

"'Dot's a goot contry,' said he. 'How long haf you been out here?'

"'Five years,' said I.

"'Always mit de same house?'

"'Yes,' said I; 'I don't believe in changing.'

"I didn't tell him that I had been a stock-boy for nearly four years and on the road a little over one. It is a good sign, you know, if a man has been with a house a long time.

"'How's bees'ness this season?' said he.

HE TRIED TO JOLLY HER ALONG, BUT SHE WAS WISE

"'Oh, it's holding up to the usual mark,' I said like an old-timer.

"'Who do you sell in Denver?' said he.

"That was a knocker. 'Denver is a hard town to do business in,' said I. 'In cities the big people are hard to handle and the little ones you must look out for.' That was another strong point; I wanted him to see that I didn't care to do business with shaky concerns.

"'Vell,' said he after a while, 'you shouldt haf a stronger line and den you could sell de beeg vons.'

"'Yes, but it is a bad thing for a man to change,' said I. I knew that I was already hired and I was striking him for as big a guaranty as I could get, and my game worked all right. He asked me to take supper with him that night at the Springs, and before we left the table he hired me for the next year.

"I came very near not fulfilling my contract, though, because, after I had promised the old man I would come to him, he said: 'Shake and haf a seecar.' And I had to smoke a 'Lottie'!"

It is on the "still hunt" that the best men are trapped. Experienced salesmen—good ones—always have positions and are not often looking for jobs. To get them the wholesaler must go after them, and the one who does this gets the best men. Hundreds of applications come in yearly to every wholesale house in America. These come so often that little attention is paid to them. When a wise house wishes salesmen they either put out their scouts or go themselves directly after the men they want. And the shrewd head of a house is not looking for cheap men; he knows that a poor man is a great deal more expensive than a good one. Successful wholesalers do not bat their eyes at paying a first-class man a good price.

Recently I knew of one firm that had had a big salesman taken from them. What did they do to get another to take his place? The manager did not put out some cheap fellow, but he went to another man who, although he was unfamiliar with the territory, was a good shoe man, and guaranteed him that he would make four thousand dollars a year net, and gave him a good chance on a percentage basis of making six thousand. The experienced man in a line, although he has never traveled over the territory for which the wholesaler wishes a man, stands next in line for an open position. Houses know that a man who has done well in one territory in a very little while will establish a trade in another. One house that I know of has, in recent years, climbed right to the front because it would not let a thousand dollars or more stand in the way of hiring a first-class man. The head of this house went after a good salesman when he wanted one.

This is the way in which the heads of a marvelously successful manufacturing firm hire many of their salesmen: They have this man talk to four different members of the firm single-handed: these men put all sorts of blocks in the way of the man whom they may possibly hire. They wish to test the fellow's grit. One successful salesman told me that, when they hired him, he talked to only one man, and only a few minutes. This man took him to the head of the house and said:

"Look here; there's no use of your putting this man through the Turkish bath any longer; he is a man that I would buy goods from if I were a merchant."

"Well, I'll take him, then," said the president.

If I may offer a word of advice to him who hires the salesman I would say this: Try to be sure, when you hire a man, to hire one that has been a success at whatever he has done. While it is best to get a man who is acquainted with your line and with the territory over which he is to travel, do not be afraid to put on a man who knows nothing of your merchandise and is a stranger to every one in the territory you wish to cover. If he has already been a successful salesman, he will quickly learn about the goods he is to sell, and after one trip he will be acquainted with the territory.

The main thing for a salesman to know when you hire him is not how the trains run, not what your stuff is—he will soon learn this—*but how to approach men and gain their confidence!* And it is needless for me to say that the one way to do this is to *be square!*

A house does not wish a man like a young fellow I once knew of. He had been clerking in a store and had made application to a Louisville house for a position on the road. When he talked the matter over with the head of the house—it was a small one and always will be—they would not offer him any salary except on a commission basis, but they agreed to allow him five dollars a day for traveling expenses. He was to travel down in Kentucky. Five dollars a day looked mighty big to the young man, who had been working for thirty dollars a month. He figured that he could hire a team and travel with that, and that, by stopping with relatives or farmers and feeding his own horses, he could save from his expense money at least three dollars a day.

His territory was down in the Coon Range country where he was kin to nearly everybody. He lasted just one short trip.

A young fellow who once went to St. Louis is the sort of a man that the head of a house is looking for. When this young fellow went to call he put up a strong talk, but the "old man" said to him:

"Come in and see us again. We haven't anything for you now."

That same afternoon this fellow walked straight into the "old man's" office again, with a bundle under his arm.

"Well, I am here," said he, "and I've brought my old clothes along. I want to be a salesman for you, but you may put me to piling nail-kegs or anything you please, and don't pay me a cent until you see whether I can work."

The old man touched a button, calling a department manager, and said to him:

"Here, put this young man to work. He says he can pile nail-kegs."

In a couple of days the department manager went into the office again and said to the head of the house: "That boy is piling nail-kegs so well that he can do something else."

That same young fellow went from floor to floor. In less than two years he was on the road and made a brilliant record for the house. To-day he is general salesman for the State of Texas for a very large wholesale hardware house and is making several thousand dollars a year.

If a wholesaler cannot find a man who is experienced in his line in the territory that he wishes to cover, and cannot get a good, experienced road man at all, the next best ones he turns to are his own stock-boys. In fact, the stock is the training-school for men on the road.

A bright young man, wherever he may be, if he wishes to get on the road, should form the acquaintance of traveling men, because lightning may sometime strike him, and he will have a place before he knows it. A man who is now manager of a large New York engraving house once told me how he hired one of his best salesmen.

"When I was on the road my business used to carry me into the colleges. Our house gets up class invitations and things of that kind. I especially disliked going to the Phillips-Exeter Academy, at Exeter, New Hampshire, owing to the poor train service and worse hotel accommodation.

"The graduating class at this academy had a big order to place, and I called with original designs and prices. The committee refused to decide until they had received designs and prices from our competitors, so there was nothing else to do but bide a wee. When I called I made it a point to make friends with the chairman, who hailed from South Dakota and was all to the good. He was bright and distinctly wise to his job. By a little scouting, I found out when the last competing representative was to call and speak his little piece.

"The next day I took a 'flyer'—that is, called without making an appointment. I arranged to arrive at my man's room in the afternoon when his recitations were over. His greeting was characteristic of the Westerner—as if he had known me all his life. He was a runner, did the one-hundred-yards dash in ten seconds flat and was the school's champion. I talked athletics to beat the band and got him interested. He was unable to get the committee together until seven o'clock that evening, which meant that I should have to stay in the town over night.

"I saw a platinum photograph of myself sleeping in my third-class hotel. I kept on talking athletics, however, and the chairman was good enough to ask me to dine with him. After dinner we played billiards, and he beat me. At 6:45 we adjourned to his room. He and his committee excused themselves to hold their meeting in a room on the floor below. I was smoking one of the chairman's cigars, and was congratulating myself that things looked encouraging. In half an hour the committee returned. The fellows lined up on the sofa, side by side, while the chairman straddled his chair and addressed me as follows:

"'Well, Mr. Rogers, we have discussed the matter thoroughly, and as impartially as I think any committee of fellows could do who had the interest of their class seriously at heart. In a way, we regret that you took the trouble to call, because, to speak frankly, we would rather write what we have to say than to be placed in the somewhat embarrassing position of telling you orally.

"'We have received something like six other estimates from different firms, and I must say some of their designs are "peaches." There are two firms whose prices are lower than yours, too. We like your designs very much, but I think if you place yourself in our position you will see we have no other alternative but to place the order with another house.'

"He shifted his position uneasily and added with that

I SPOTTED THE OLD MAN AS I WENT INTO THE COACH

final air we know so well: 'I want to thank you for your interest and trouble, and we certainly appreciate the opportunity of seeing what you had to offer.'

"This was a nice sugar coat on a bitter pill, but I didn't want to take my medicine. I stood up, prepared to make a strong and expiring effort, and to explain what an easy thing it was for a firm to quote a low price, etc., when the chairman came over quickly with extended hand and said: 'Now, we understand how you feel, old man, but there is no use prolonging this matter, which I assure you we regret more than we express. However,' turning to the other fellows, 'I think we are all agreed on one thing, and that is, we are willing to make an exception in this case, and'—here the corners of his mouth twitched and his eyes brightened up—'we will give you the order on one condition.' I quickly asked what the condition was. 'And that is'—all the other fellows were standing up, smiling—'we will give you the order if you'll take us to the show to-night!'

"The show, by the way, held in the town opera house, was a thrilling melodrama, and, positively, it was so bad it was good! The heroine was a girl who sold peanuts in one of the Exeter stores, and the villain was the village barber; I have forgotten who the hero was, but he was a 'bird.' The best part of the play was near the end. The villain was supposed to have murdered the hero by smashing him on the head with an iron bar and then pushing him into the river. At a critical stage, the hero walked serenely on the scene and confronted the villain. The villain assumed the good old stereotyped posture and shouted out with a horrified expression: 'Stand back, stand back; your hands *is* cold and slimy!' That broke up the show, as the audience, composed largely of the Academy boys, stood up as one and yelled. They finally started a cheer: 'Stand back, stand back; your hands *is* cold and slimy!' They repeated this cheer vigorously three times, and then crowded out of the house. That cheer can be heard at the Academy to-day.

"The next morning I joined the boys in chapel, and was very much surprised to find the entire student-body and faculty clapping their hands when I became seated. This was certainly a new one on me. I turned to my chairman friend; he was grinning broadly as if he enjoyed the situation. What was I expected to do, for Heaven's sake—get up and make a speech? My mind was relieved by the President addressing the boys about alien topics. I learned afterward that it was an old custom with Phillips-Exeter to applaud when a stranger entered the chapel. This is especially appropriate in the case of an old 'grad.' returning, but certainly disturbing to an outsider.

"I did further business with my friend, also, when he was at Harvard. He did such a smooth job on me that when I became manager of my house I sent for him when we had the first opening on the road. I asked him how he would like to come with us. He came. He has been with our company now for two years and is getting on well."

College boys, as a rule, are not looking for positions on the road, but if more of them would do so there would be more college graduates scoring a business success and more traveling men with the right sort of educational equipment.

The head of the house must be on the lookout for the floater. In every city there are many professional job finders. About the only time they ever put up a good strong line of conversation is when they talk for a job. After they get a good guaranteed salary they go to sleep until their contract is at an end, and then they hunt for another job. These are the chaps that the "old man" must look out for with a sharp eye. A man on the road who drinks hard and gambles does not last long. To be sure, most men on the road are cosmopolitan in their habits, and they nearly all know, perhaps better than any other class of men, when to say "No."

Not less important than hiring salesmen is the *handling* of them. The house spoils for itself many a good man after it gets him. The easiest way is by writing kicking letters. The man on the road is a human being. Generally he has a home and a family and friends. He is working for them, straining every nerve that he may do something for the ones he cherishes. He takes a deep and constant interest in his business. He feels that he is a part of the firm he works for, and knows full well that their interest is his interest, and that he can only succeed for himself by making a success for the firm. When, feeling all of this within himself, he gets a kicking letter because he has been bold enough to break some little business rule when he knows it should have been broken, he grows discouraged.

Too many heads of wholesale firms get "stuck on themselves" when they see orders rolling in to them. They fail to realize the hard work their salesmen do in getting these orders. I know of one firm that almost drove one of the best salesmen in the United States away from it for the reasons that I have given. They dogged him, they didn't write him a kind word, they badgered his trade—they thought they had him, hard and fast. Finally, however, he wrote to them that, contract or no contract, he was positively going to quit. Ah, and then you should have seen them bend the knee!

This man traveled for a St. Louis firm. His home was in Chicago, and, when he came in home from his trip, his house wrote him to come down immediately. He did not reply, but his wife wrote them—and don't you worry about the wives of traveling men not being up to snuff!—that he had gone to New York. Next morning a member of the firm was in Chicago. He went at once to call upon their salesman's wife. He tried to jolly her along, but she was wise. He asked for her husband's address, and she told him that the only address he had left was care of another wholesale firm in their line in New York. She supposed he could reach her husband there. Then the St. Louis man was wild. He put the wires to working at once and telegraphed: "By no means make any contract anywhere until you see us."

Then he was sweet as pie to the salesman's wife, took her and her daughter to the matinée, an expensive luncheon, and all that. In a few days the salesman I speak of went down to St. Louis. The members of his firm took off their hats to him and raised his salary a jump of $2400 a year.

How much trouble they would have saved themselves, and how much better feeling there would have been, if they had only handled this man right in the beginning!

A CURE OF SOLES

A Non-Sectarian and Interdenominational Mystery Solved by "Holy Joe"

By VINCENT HARPER

MR. MACARONI

WITH the perfectly justified jealousy of a man whose time is almost wholly at the service of anybody who needs him, the Reverend Joseph Aloysius McCann, familiarly known as "Holy Joe" on the lower East Side resented any invasion of the brief period after breakfast which belonged to himself. That time of tranquil digestion he religiously devoted to the broadening of his mind by the only systematic reading which the exigencies of an up-to-date apostolate in "de ate" Assembly district permitted. The little slide on the bulletin-board down in the entry showed "Out!" opposite his name, and his strict orders to Mrs. Doogan, the housekeeper, were that she "moostn't lave annywan disthract his meditations." In order to safeguard his privacy yet more securely he turned off the switch, disconnecting his electric bell, so that, if Mrs. Doogan yielded to the importunings of any insistent visitor and pressed the button, she could satisfy the caller and her own conscience by saying: "I'm afther telling ye that he moost be out, and ye see fur yoursilf that he is—sure!"

It was with profane feelings, therefore, that Father McCann heard Mrs. Doogan's asthmatic voice calling his name up from the entry on the morning that the mystery of the baptismal boots and shoes first became the non-sectarian and interdenominational puzzle of the ecclesiastical world in "de ate." With the equatorial buttons of his cassock comfortably unbuttoned and the sense of peace which comes of a conscience void of offense during the normal assimilation of porterhouse steak and boiled eggs, "Holy Joe" had just dropped back into his Morris chair—the gift of the Law and Order League—and propped his feet on his embroidered footrest—the gift of the young men's club—and lit a cigar from the box on the table—the gift of the hook-and-ladder company around the corner—and begun his systematic study of the morning papers, when he heard Mrs. Doogan calling him.

"Father McCann! Father—McCann!" wheezed Mrs. Doogan up the stairs.

"Isn't it out I am?" sang out Father McCann down the stairs. "Look at the boarrud!"

"Av coorse ye're out, Father, and I'm afther telling 'im so, but it's the gintleman from Moolberry Street, Father," and it's yoursilf tauld me ye'd see annywan from Moolberry Street, no matther if ye was in or out, Father," argued Mrs. Doogan, very sure of her ground.

"It's only me, Father! Won't keep you a minute!" called up a man's voice.

"Oh, it's you that it is, is it?" replied Father McCann, recognizing the voice of Detective Delehanty of the Central Office. "Come up! Come up, Delehanty! Sure, Mrs. Doogan had a right not to be kaping you sparring at the door like that."

For many years and for many reasons "Holy Joe" had been held in high esteem at police headquarters in Mulberry Street. No one not connected with the detective force, and very few connected with it, was better qualified than Father McCann to locate those members of society whose moral eccentricities made their location desirable in the interests of justice.

His qualifications were three in number and of the very essence of his character: an unconquerable love for the under dog; an insatiable curiosity to know human life; and an impish joy in pitting his own shrewdness against that of the past masters at the game—a true sport's zest to win against odds. With "Holy Joe's" list of acquaintances available, the destruction of the Rogues' Gallery of portraits and the Bertillon records would be largely offset, for few indeed were the professional crooks and sharps and fakirs and frauds whom he had not met, either in his efforts to turn them away from their evil life, or to bring them to book if they persisted, or to help them and their innocent wives and children after the ends of justice had been subserved. With amazing intuitions, he was a recognized authority on the very latest schemes and devices of the oblique gentry, and his expert investigations in the field of "the queer" and his constant attendance in some capacity at the criminal courts had given him an intimate and far-reaching acquaintance with the personnel of that interesting section of metropolitan society which lives by its wits.

It must not be inferred that his tenderness of heart, which was known far and wide in the under world, or that his untiring efforts on behalf of the condemned and the outcast exposed the fat little priest to the wiles of the brotherhood. Far from it. Plausible vendors of the brick which glitters but is not gold gave this particular cleric a wide berth—prior to arrest, that is; for, knowing that he was "dead on to de game," they avoided him while it was being worked; and, knowing that nothing could quench the love in that big, warm heart of his, they always sent for him when the game had gone wrong. At the court-room end of the Bridge of Sighs in Centre Street, "Holy Joe," with his embarrassing familiarity with one's past and his technical knowledge of details, was a terror; but at the prison end of the fateful bridge, with boundless love for men, his brothers, and his heart-strings wrung by thoughts of the wife and the children, Father McCann's smiling face was always waiting to ward off despair, with tireless interest ready to do what he could for the ones who were otherwise friendless. The soul of the priest glowed while laboring to lift men to the upward path; the instinct of the sport throbbed in the pursuit of the wrongdoer; but, once that the meshes of the law had coiled about the feet of any man, the heart of the brother beat with determination to see fair play and to prevent the brand of criminality from penetrating to the soul. A strange compound, indeed, the Rev. Joseph Aloysius McCann, of Seven Dolors Church in "de old ate," but—New York being what it is—not a bad sort nor one likely to become too common.

"What? Been workin' fence again, Eckstein?" asked "Holy Joe" when Delehanty came in followed by the notorious First Avenue pawnbroker, who, under the sign of the Three Balls, ran a prosperous business as a receiver of stolen goods. "I t'ought you told me you'd had enough after I had you pinched fur buyin' them spoons off Reddy the Corkscrew? And you high muck-a-muck down to the synagogue! Sure, ain't ye ashamed of Abraham fur havin' descindints the loikes av you? Well, Delehanty, what's the game this time, annyhow?"

The detective bit the end of a cigar from the box which Father McCann shoved across the table, while old Eckstein deposited the huge bundle which he carried upon the floor, and sat stroking his long pointed beard and shaking his head sadly as he murmured: "*Sock* a pizziness!"

"Search *me!*" replied Delehanty, blowing a string of smoke-rings into the air. "We're up against it for fair—unless you can put us wise; so I thought I'd bring me friend Ecky up to see you, Father, bein' that you and him has so many mutual friends."

"And what at all is it ye have in your boondle, Rabbi, me foxy guy?" asked "Holy Joe," sizing up the bulky swag with a twinkling and critical eye. "There's wan sure t'ing—no pickpocket done this job!"

"It's boots and shoes, Father; enough to fit out a regiment," said Delehanty.

"Und I haff advanced more as dey is wort' on dose tamn shoose, so hellup me! Und I am h'rruined iff der bolice dakes dem avay from me already!" groaned Eckstein.

"Bein' ruined is your steady job, you ould lemon-squeezer!" laughed Father McCann. "But now, Delehanty, what's the game, eh?"

"Well, you see, Father," replied the detective, "as we hadn't heard from Ecky for a long time, I told one of our new boys to drop into his place to ask the price of a concertina or a shotgun or any old thing, and smell around for any of the articles on our headquarters' list of missing valuables. Well, while he was joshing with Ecky a man came in—a Dago, or Roosian, or something foreign—and, before Ecky could give him the wink to keep quiet until the coast was clear, the Dago asks Ecky how much he would cough up for forty-five pairs of new shoes."

"*Foorty-five* pairs!" cried "Holy Joe," sitting up straight. "Was the tarrier a cintipede?"

"On the contrary—he had only one leg and a wooden stump," answered Delehanty.

"Two soles wid but a single fut," murmured Father McCann, given to apt quotations. "But go on, go on!

"AND NOW, ADAM, SON OF NOAH," SAID "HOLY JOE," "WHAT'S YOUR SIDE OF IT?"

What did me friend your new man do nixt whin he haird about the robbery of a whole shoe shoore the night befoore?"

Oh, Parkinson is a wise one, all right, all right, replied Delehanty. "He made out he didn't hear about the corner in leather, but just paid his two-seventy-five for the concertina and hurried down to headquarters with the glad news. That was an hour ago—and now Locky is going down to explain things to the chief. As we was passin here, I didn't think no harm would come if you was to know what was doin'."

Among the few but choice volumes that adorned Father McCann's shelves and consulted quite as frequently as their ponderous theological neighbors were the melodramatic autobiography of an ex-chief of police, a translation of Lombroso on Criminals, and a much-worn copy of the adventures of Sherlock Holmes, whose principles of deduction struck his reverence as being an incalculably useful philosophy for those having the spiritual charge of parishes south of Fourteenth Street and east of the Bowery. It was of Holmes that Father McCann was thinking as he sat with his little eyes screwed up listening to the detective's story and, before the story was done, deductive reasoning was already bearing fruit in a quickly evolved hypothesis in explanation of the mystery of the boots and shoes.

"And now, Adam, son of Noah," said "Holy Joe" to the old Hebrew, "what's your side of it?"

"Och! soch a pizziness!" gurgled out of the larynx of the pawnbroker, as he took off the faded shallow derby hat from its resting-place on his protruding ears to address the court. "I doan' know nodings aboudt it, Fader, egscepdt dat I haff advanced already a quvarter on effery one of dose tamn shoose, und der man vat broughd 'em bet my blace vas no t ief but a Kurvistian joost lige yourselluf, Fader. *Soch* a pizziness! *Schrecklich!*"

"Seem to recall any of your friends, Father?" asked Delehanty as he thought that he had detected a knowing light in the corner of the priest's very knowing little eye.

"Nothin' very much—not yet, I mane; but I've me mound on a clew. Let ye knaw later. As course ye'll locate the shoe store that was robbed?" replied Father McCann.

"Sure thing!" answered Delehanty. "I've telephoned every precinct in Greater New York and Jersey City already, and we'll have the name of the dealer by twelve o'clock."

"Right ye are! And I'll have the name of the gintleman wid the wan fut befoore noon unless I'm mistaken. I t'ought it might be Greagan, but he's doin' time fur dthrunk and disorderly or Big Minogue, but he's spindin' five years at Sing Sing fur assault wid intint to kill; or Mike Shea, but he's enjyin a mooch-needed period av rist and quiet fur bein' a gintleman of tligint leisure wid no visible manes of support—and thim is about all me professional friends wid wan leg. Annyhow, ye said it was a furreigner as done this job. Get along, now, and if you'll lave me a few samples of thim shoes to worruk wid, I'll take a walk 'round the parish and see what I can see, and I'll ring ye up and report progress later."

The samples were accordingly taken from the bundle, and the detective and his prisoner continued their journey to Mulberry Street, while Father McCann set out to put into practice the principles of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. The sample shoes gave slight promise of usefulness—the astute priest had asked for them merely to hide his real clew; but in the Italian gentleman with the wooden leg Father McCann had instantly perceived the key to the situation. He knew such a person—he knew such a person intimately—and he guessed the rest.

During the few seconds that the bundle of shoes had been undone Father McCann noticed that every sole in the lot showed signs of slight wear, the polished black surface being scratched a little as though the shoes had been worn at least once. Otherwise they were perfectly new. To the casual observer this insignificant fact would have conveyed no meaning, but to "Holy Joe" the trifling circumstance appeared important, and, with a shoe stuck into each pocket of his overcoat, he started out to make a round of visits among the pastors of the several Protestant missions and chapels within the boundaries of his own ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

With these good men Father McCann—not always with their very cordial response—persisted in maintaining relations of the most friendly nature, the catholicity of his human sympathies expanding, like a gas, equally in every direction around him. Serenely waiving the theological gulf that yawned between himself and these hard-working, underpaid and usually pitifully unsuccessful would-be helpers of men, Father McCann made it a point to know each one of them, chaffed them about their sentimental ineffectiveness in reaching the masses about them, and nipped many a threatened breach of charity in the bud by laughing the *odium theologicum* out of court.

"Well, well, well, and how do ye do this foine weather, Mr. Smithers?" asked "Holy Joe" when the erratic and broad-minded pastor of the People's Tabernacle ushered him into his study in the tower of the big brick amphitheatre.

"Splendid—and you, Father?" laughed Mr. Smithers.

"That's good! And I hope your mortgage is gettin' smaller, and your salary bigger, and your creed—the little ye have—holdin' its own, Mr. Smithers, sir," said Father McCann.

"Mortgage and salary in satisfactory condition," replied Mr. Smithers with a roar. "As to the creed—you know, we try to do good, and not bother about doctrines here at the People's Church, Father."

"Is that it?" cried Father McCann with an answering roar. "Sure, I hope ye'll do more good all the time—and that puts me in mind av somethin' I've been wantin' to spake to yoursilf about this long time. I wonder did your riverence iver happen to mate wid a certain Mr. Macaroni, or soom such Dago name—a gintleman wid wan leg, Mr. Smithers, and more children than he can kape count av or from runnin' around barefut—did ye, now?"

"Let me think—why, yes, a one-legged man by the name of Maccharaboni brought his nine children to be baptized here about six weeks ago, but I was——"

"Brought thim here to your swell Soondah club wid bare feet! Poor man!" exclaimed Father McCann, shaking his head and continuing his "Tut, tut, tut!" for some seconds.

"I was going to explain," said Mr. Smithers eagerly, "that I was careful to inquire if he belonged to your church—the Italian name, you know, suggested such an inference—and he assured me that he did not; otherwise I would have packed him off to you, for if we have no other creed here we do believe that what matters is not where a man goes to church, but what his life is; and proselytizing is not in my line."

"Sure. Don't I knaw ye're a gintleman, Mr. Smithers?" lubricated "Holy Joe." "But about thim nine barefutted children, sir—weren't your swell uptown pew-renters scandalized be havin' such guttersnipes trampin' the mood on to your new red carpet at all?"

"Oh," laughed Mr. Smithers, "of course we saw to that. I bought nine pairs of shoes for the poor little tots with their madonna faces and wistful grown-up eyes."

"Av *coorse* ye did! You Protestants dooes things up foine whin ye dooes thim at all," replied Father McCann. "And so ye baptized the nine Macaronis, did ye, sir?"

"Yes—haven't laid eyes on any of them since," answered Mr. Smithers.

"It's wonderful foine weather we're havin', Mr. Smithers," remarked Father McCann after a somewhat painful pause, with which statement Mr. Smithers agreed, and the meeting adjourned.

Once around the corner, "Holy Joe" gave vent to his joy. Nine of the forty-five pairs of shoes were accounted for. Also it was clear how the said nine pairs had been scratched on the one occasion when they adorned the nine little candidates for baptism. The rest was easy; it now remained merely to fill in the names of the four other baptizers and shoers of the nine little Macaronis. If there was pathos, if there was degradation and scandal, there was also something irresistibly funny in the situation, and on all three counts the situation was one in which "Holy Joe" bloomed forth like a sunflower. He fairly ran to the "Open Door" mission, where he counted upon discovering that his nine little friends had once more passed dry-shod through the regenerating waters of baptism.

Mr. Arnold was out, but Mrs. Arnold was at home and, as always, pointedly civil if a bit chilly to Father McCann, who, on the contrary, was always pointedly offhand but genuinely cordial toward Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, especially the latter.

"Well, well, well, Mrs. Arrunold, ma'am, ye're gettin' younger the older ye grow, so ye are! I was passin' and I t'ought I drop in to wish you the compliments of the blissed saison av Christmas, which I couldn't coom and wish ye befoore, though it's a moonth gone. And I do be hearin' all soorts of t'ings about your goodness and charity to the poor, ma'am, and may God bless ye fur annyt'ing ye iver do fur thim," rattled on Father McCann, intent on a thaw.

"Thank you, Mr. McCann. I'm sure we try to help the poor, but, what with so many Jews and your own people and Chinese and a rum-hole on every corner, it is almost impossible to reach the masses," minced Mrs. Arnold with the mercury falling.

"Oh, ye're too modest althegether, Mrs. Arrunold, ma'am, too modest intirely. Niver moind the masses that ye're iverlastin'ly talkin' about rachin', ma'am—it's th' individooals that counts, and whin ye can boast av no less than nine baptisms in wan family in wan day, the soom total rolls up foine, now, dooesn't it, ma'am?" chuckled Father McCann cheerily.

"*Nine* conversions in one day? Why, whatever can you mean, sir?"

"It's not conversions I mane, but baptisms—baptisms and pairs of shoes, ma'am," replied "Holy Joe," bubbling over. "The nine little Macaronis, ma'am, ye knaw, that Mr. Arrunold and yoursilf gave the foine new shoes to—ye'll remimber, ma'am."

"Ah, yes, I do recollect such a family. Mr. Arnold baptized them, and, as the poor creatures were literally barefooted, we bought them all shoes. For some reason, they have never come to any of our meetings since."

"Is that so, ma'am? Well, annyhow, ye have the consolation av knawin' that, wheriver they wint, they wint with

(Continued on Page 22)

ENSIGN PERKINS WENT THE ROUND OF THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL

The Memoirs of an American

By ROBERT HERRICK

Author of The Common Lot, The Web of Life, etc

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IT WAS A MESSENGER BOY WITH A DELAYED TELEGRAM

CHAPTER XXIII

"HENRY is simply furious!—thinks his name has been involved—and he means to sell every share of stock he holds as soon as the agreement expires

"So I gathered from his remarks the other day!"

Mrs. Dround threw back her coat and looked up with a mischievous smile on her face. She was a very handsome woman these days, not a month older than when I saw her first. It seemed as though she had reached a point where Nature, having done her best for a woman, pauses before beginning the work of destruction

She had come to call on Sarah, and, having failed to find her at home, was writing a note at her desk, when I came in from the day's business, a little earlier than was my wont.

"It isn't just that matter of the injunction. You know my friend, people here in the city—Henry's friends—say that you are engaged in dangerous enterprises—that you are a desperate man yourself! Are you?"

"You know better than most!" I answered her smile. "But I am getting tired of this talk. I had a dose of it last night"

I told her rapidly what had happened with Will and May.

"Sarah feels pretty badly," I ended

"Poor child!" she murmured. "I wondered what was the matter with her nowadays. She will feel differently later. But your brother is another question."

"He and his wife will never feel differently."

She tossed aside the pen she held and rose to her feet

"Never mind! I know you don't mind—only it is too bad to have this annoyance just now, when you have much on your shoulders. I wish I could *do* something! A woman's hands are always tied!"

She could say no more. I was thinking what would happen when Mr. Dround's stock was dumped on the market, to be snapped up by my enemies. Our company was very near the point of paying dividends, and with a friendly line of railroad giving us an outlet into the Southwest the struggling venture would be in a powerful position. Now it looked as if the labor of years might have been spent building for others to enjoy.

"If he would wait six months," I began

"I know; but it is a question of principle!"

Her lips curved ironically.

"What would you do, tell me, if a parcel of scamps were holding you up for the benefit of your enemies? Suppose you had a perfect right to do the business you had in hand. Would you put tail between legs and get out and leave your bone to the other dog?"

She laughed sympathetically.

"If I wanted to starve, yes! I should deserve to"

"You and I think surprisingly alike very often!"

She bowed her head in recognition of the compliment.

"I always liked despots," she replied. "And, as a matter of fact, despots—the strong ones—have always really done things. They do to-day—only the public makes a fuss about it. No, my friend, don't hesitate! The scrupulous ones will bow to you in time."

"You would have made something of a man."

She bowed her head mockingly.

"That is man's best compliment to poor, weak woman. But I am content, when I touch the driving hand, now and then"

We were silent, and afterward she added:

"You will find the way. It is not the last ditch—far from it. A man like you cannot be killed with one blow."

She had given the warning, done what she could, and now she trusted me to do the rest. Her will, her sympathy, was strong behind me. So when this moment was over, when she went her way and I mine, out into the world of cares and struggle, I might carry with me this bit of her courage, her sureness. I saw that, and I wanted to say it to her, to let her see that it was more herself than her good will or her help that I valued. But it was an awkward thing to say

Her hands lay upon the desk between us. They were not beautiful hands, merely strong, close-knit—hands to hold with a grip of death. I studied them, thinking that here in them was the sign of her character. She raised her eyes and looked at me steadily for several moments

"You know how I feel?"

I nodded

"You don't need a woman's sympathy—but I want you to know how I feel—for my own sake

"Thank you for it. In this life a man must stand pretty much alone, win or lose. I have always found it so—except when you and I have talked things over. That hasn't been often. This is a tight place I find myself in now. But there is a way out, or if there isn't—well, I have played the game better than most."

"Even that thought doesn't give happiness," she mused "I know, because, my friend, I, too, have stood alone all my life"

She gave me this confidence simply, as a man might

"I suppose a woman counts on happiness," I said awkwardly in response. "But I have never counted much on that. There have always been many things to do, and I have done them; well or ill, I can't say. But I have done them somehow"

It was a clumsy answer, but I could find no proper words for what I felt. Such things are not to be said in words. There followed another of those full silences which counted with this woman for so much more than words. Again it was she who broke it

"For once, only once, I want to speak out plainly! You are younger than I, my friend—not so much in years as in other things. Enough, so that I can look at you as—a helper. You understand?"

She spoke gently, with a little smile, as if, after all, this must be taken between us for a joke.

"From the beginning, when you and Sarah first came to us, I saw the kind of man you are, and I admired you. I wanted to help you—yes, to help you!"

"And that you did."

"Not really. Perhaps no one could really help you. No one helps or hinders. You work out your fate from the inside, like all the powerful ones. You do what is in you to do, and never question. But I longed for the woman's satisfaction of being something to you, of holding the sponge, as the boys say. But a mere woman, poor, weak creature, is tied with a short rope—do you know what that means? So the next best thing, if one can't live one's self, is to live in another—some strong one. When you are a woman and have reached my age, you know that you can't live for yourself. That chance has gone!"

"I don't believe it," I protested. "You are just ready to live."

She gave me a smile for my compliment, and shook her head

"No, I don't deceive myself. Most women do. I know when I have reached the end of my book. . . . So I have followed you, step by step, oh, you don't know how closely! And I have sucked in all the joy of your success, of your power, of you—a man! I have lived a man's life."

"But you went away?" I suggested.

"Yes, I went away—because that would help! It was the only thing I could do—I could go away."

For the first time her voice shook with passion. I was answered

"Now I have come back to find that my hands are tied more than ever. I can help you no more Believe me, that is the hardest thing yet I can help you no more! My husband—you understand? No, you need not understand. A woman is bound back and across by a thousand threads which do not always show to the eye. . . . I may yet keep my husband from throwing you over, but that is a small matter—the truth is, I count no longer to you. If the world had been other than it is, my friend, I should have been by your side, fighting it out daily for you, with you. As it is——"

She threw up her arms in a gesture of disgust, and was silent, brooding. It was not necessary to complete the words. Nor could I speak. Something very wonderful and precious was passing before my eyes for the last time; something that had been near was floating off, would never come back. And life was so made that it was vain, useless, to try to hold it, to cry out, to do anything except to be still and feel the loss. My hands fell beside hers upon the polished surface of the desk, and we sat looking into one another's eyes, without fear. She was feeling what I was feeling, but she was looking deeper into fate than I could look. For she was wiser as a woman than I was as a man. We were the two in the world most near, and between us there was a gulf that could not be crossed. The years to come, my heart was saying to me, will be longer than those of the past

"Listen," she said, as though reading my thoughts "We shall never need more than this. Remember! Nothing more than this. For I should be a hindrance, then, not a help. And that would be the end of me, indeed. You have your will to work, which is more than any woman could give you. And I have the thought of you. Now I must go away again—we have to live that way. It makes no difference you and I think the same thoughts in the same way What separation does a little distance make between you and me? I shall follow after you step by step, and, when you have mounted to the broad level that comes after accomplishment, you will be glad that it has been as I say, not different. It is I that must long. For you need no woman to comfort and love you

It was finished, and we sat in the deepening twilight beyond words. The truth of what she had spoken filled us both. There was nothing else for us two but what she said we had come to the top of ourselves to know this, to look it in the face, and to put it aside

The twilight silence was broken sharp in two by a cry that rang across the room. We started from our dream together and looked around. Sarah was standing midway in the long room, steadying herself by a hand reached out to a chair. I ran to hold her from falling. She pushed me aside and walked on unsteadily toward Jane. . . .

"I knew it! I knew it always!" she cried harshly "You tortuous woman—you are taking him from me You did it from the first day! How I hate you!"

She dropped into the chair beside the desk and sobbed. Jane knelt down by her side and, grasping her hands, spoke to her in low, pleading words

TO DAY I SHOULD LIKE TO SLIP BACK ONCE MORE TO THE BUM THAT LANDED IN CHICAGO—UNATTACHED, UNBURDENED, UNBOUND

No, child, you are wrong. You wrong him He is not such a man. There is no truth in your cruel words

"Yes, you have made him do dishonorable things. He has acted so his own family have left him. I know it is *you!*" she sobbed. "He has done what you would have him do"

"Child! Child!" Jane exclaimed impatiently, shaking gently the hands she held "What do you mean by throwing this charge at him?"

"Hasn't he done all those things? He never denied it not when he was accused in church before every one. And last night May said it was true."

She looked resentfully at Jane through her tears. The older woman still smiled at her and stroked her hands.

"But, if it were true *you* mustn't take the part of his accusers! That isn't for a woman who loves him to do You must trust him to the end."

Sarah looked at her and then at me She pushed Jane from her quickly

"Don't you defend him to me! You have stolen him! He loves you. I saw it once before and I see it on your face now I knew it!"

"Come!" I said, taking Sarah by the arm and leading her away "You don't know what you say

"Yes, I do! You treat me like a child, Van! Why did you have to take him?" she turned and flamed out to Jane. "You have always had everything!"

"Have I had everything?" the other woman repeated slowly, quietly, as if musing to herself. "Everything? Do you know all, child? Let me tell you one thing. Once I had a child — a son One child! And he was born blind. He lived four months Those were the only months I think I have ever lived Do you think that I have had all the joy?"

She was stirred, at last, passionate, ironic, and Sarah looked at her with wondering surprise, with awe

"You grudge me the three or four hours your husband has given me out of the ten years you have lived with him! You hate me because he has talked to me as he would talk to himself — as he would talk to you each day if you could read the first letter of his mind. And if I love him? If he loves me? Would *you* deny yourself the little I have taken from you, his wife, if it was yours to take? But be content! Not one word of what you call love has passed between us, or ever will. Is that enough?"

The two looked at each other with contempt and hate

"You are a bad woman!" Sarah exclaimed brokenly

"Am I? Think of this, then. I could take your husband — I could from this hour! But for his sake, for *his* sake, I will not. *I will not!*"

Sarah groaned, covering her eyes. Jane walked rapidly out of the room. In a moment the door of her carriage clicked outside, and we were alone

"You love that woman, Van!" Sarah's voice broke the silence between us with an accusing moan

"Why say that——" I began, and stopped; for, after this hour, I knew what it was for one person to be close to another. However, it seemed a foolish thing to be talking about. There was no help in going deeper into our hearts.

"There has never been a word between us that you should not hear," I said "and now let us say no more."

But she shook her head, unconvinced

"It is two years and more since I have seen her," I added

"That makes no difference. Jane was right! You love her!" she repeated helplessly. "What shall we do?"

"Nothing" I took her cold hands and sat down opposite her, drawing her nearer me "Don't worry, my wife. They are going away again, I understand And, if you like, I will promise you never to see her

"I have my children," Sarah mused after a pause.

"We have *our* children," I corrected "And it's best to think of them before ourselves

"Oh, if we could take them and go away to some little place, to live like my people down in Kentucky — you and me and the children!"

I smiled to myself at the thought. To run away was just to pack a trunk, she thought!

"It would be impossible. Everything would go to pieces I should lose my money — not only that, but a great many other people who have trusted me with their money would lose. I must work until there is no chance of loss for them"

"But aren't you a very rich man, Van?"

"Not so rich as I shall be some day! But I might make out a living in Kentucky, all the same

"You think I must have the money, and so make you earn it?"

"I always want you to have all that money can get."

"To make up for what I can't have!"

She burst into sobs

"I am so wretched, Van! Everything seems strange. I have tried to do what is right But God must be displeased with me: He has taken from me the one thing I wanted

That was a bitter thought to lie between husband and wife. I took her in my arms and comforted her, and together we saw that a way lay clear before us, doing our duty by one another and by our children, and in the end all would come out well. As we sat there together, it seemed as though there could be two loves in a man's life — the love for the woman and her children, who are his to protect, and the hunger-love at the bottom of the heart, which with most is never satisfied, and maybe never can be satisfied in this life

So she was comforted and after a little time went to her room, more calm in spirit. My secretary came in. There were telegrams and letters to be answered, and they absorbed all my thoughts until a late hour. When my mind came back to the personal question of living, the fire on the hearth had died into cold ashes and the house was still with the stillness of early morning For the moment it came over me that the fight I was waging with fortune was cold as these ashes and doomed to failure. And the end, what was it?

Upstairs Sarah lay half dressed on the lounge in my room, asleep. The tears had dried where they had fallen on her cheeks and neck. Her hair hung loosely down as though she had not the will to put it up for the night. As she lay there asleep, in the disorder of her grief, I knew that the sorrow of life was hers, not mine The memory of that day of our engagement came back to me — when I had wished to protect and cover her from the hard things of life. And again, as that time, I longed to take her, the gentle heart so easily hurt, and save her from this sorrow, the worst that can come to a loving woman. As I kissed the stained face, she awoke and looked at me wonderingly, murmuring dreamily:

"What is it Van? What has happened? It is time for you to go to bed. I remember — something bad has happened. What is it, Van? Oh, I know now!"

She shuddered as I raised her from the lounge

"I remember now what it is. You love that woman, but I can't let you go. I can't bear it. I can't live without you!"

"That will never come so long as there is life for us both," I promised

She drew her arm tight about my neck

"Yes! You must love me a little always."

"NO, CHILD, YOU ARE WRONG. THERE IS NO TRUTH IN YOUR CRUEL WORDS"

CHAPTER XXII

WAR! That was what was in the air those days. It had muttered on for months, giving our politicians at Washington something to mouth about in their less serious hours. Then came the sinking of the Maine in Havana Harbor, and even Wall Street could see that the country was drifting into a war. In their jackal fashion, the men of Wall Street were trying to make money out of this crisis of the country, starting rumors from those high in authority to run the prices of their goods up and down. To men who had honest interests at stake it was a terrible time for panic, for uncertainty. You could never guess what might happen over night.

But throughout the land, among the common people, the question had been heard and judged. The farmer on his ranch, the laborer in his factory, the hand on the railroad — the men of the land up and down the States — had judged this question. When the time came their judgment got itself recorded; and any big question is settled just that way, by those men — not at Washington or in Wall Street

The sick spirit of our nation needed just this tonic of a generous war, fought not for our own profit. It would do us a lot of good to give ourselves for those poor Cuban dogs. The dollar spirit of Wall Street doesn't rule this country, after all, and Wall Street never understands that the millions in the land long to hustle sometimes for something besides their own bellies. So, although Wall Street shrieked, I had a kind of faith that war would do us good, cost what it might.

And it might cost me the work of my life. Latterly, with the revival of trade, my enterprises had been prospering, and were emerging from that doubtful state where they were blown upon by every wind of the market. For the American Meat Products Company had kept its promise and was earning dividends. It had paid, in the past year, six per cent. on the preferred stock, and, what with the big contracts we were getting from the Government just now, it would earn something on the common. So far very little of our stock had come upon the market, although the period covered by the agreement among the stockholders not to sell their holdings had passed. In spite of Mr. Dround's threats, there was no evidence that he had disposed of his stock up to this time. It seemed probable that when he saw what a good earner the company was he had reconsidered his scruples, as he had done years before in the matter of private agreements and rebates

We had our own car-line, and thus could fight Strauss even in his own markets. And that rag of a railroad out of Kansas City, which Farson and his friends found left on their hands in the panic times of '93, now reached all the way to the Gulf and was spreading into a respectable system. After Farson had withdrawn his help at the time of our disagreement, we had got a firm of bankers in New York interested, and, one way and another, had built and equipped the road. A few years of good times, and all this network of enterprises would be beyond attack. Meantime, I was loaded down to the water's edge with the securities of these new companies, and had borrowed heavily at home and in the East in the effort to push through my plans

This was my situation on that eventful day when the news of the sinking of the Maine was telegraphed over the country, and even gilt-edged securities began to tumble, to slide downhill in a mad whirl. Collateral shrank like snow before a south wind

All the next morning I sat in my office with a telephone at my ear, and it seemed to me that but one word came from it — Collateral! Collateral! Where was it to be had? Finally, I hung up the receiver of my telephone and leaned back in my chair, dazed by the mad whirl along which I was being carried. My secretary opened the door and asked if I would see So-and-so and the next man. A broker was clamoring to get at me. They all wanted one thing — money. Their demands came to me faintly, like the noise of rain on a window

"Jim" I said to the man, "I am tired. I am going home"

"Going home?" he gasped, not believing his ears.

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Wages and the Man

SEEKING a manager of the Panama Canal enterprise, the President said he was looking for a "hundred-thousand-dollar man." That is about the going price for a captain of industry. Brigadier-generals and field marshals run up into the millions. A good first lieutenant may be picked up for fifty thousand or so.

These prices are a recent development, dating from post-panic times. There are some signs that the awe and the veneration with which the rank and file of the army have regarded the glittering figures are beginning to be a little touched with doubt. In some cases the hundred-thousand-dollar man has turned out a good deal of a fool. Or it has been found that the captain who should have been rallying his troops was industriously putting in his time looting the "grub-wagon." Obviously, somebody could have been hired to do that at five dollars a week.

One of the first concerns that rejoiced in the possession of a hundred-thousand-dollar man had occasion to rejoice again, not long afterward, when it got rid of him and put in his place a humble but serviceable corporal who had been working for corporal's wages. A Western railroad system gave its hundred-thousand-dollar man a million-dollar bonus, and very cheerfully accepted his resignation a year later. One very high-priced man has recently come to grief solely because, like a greedy little boy in front of a candy shop, he couldn't resist the temptation to spend all the money in his pocket whether it was his or not.

The hundred thousand dollars does not predicate anything with respect to ability. It means that the employer has a lot of money to spend. His neighbor, with less money or a flintier constitution, gets as able service at a third of the price.

Verbal Dignity

THIS is a land in which it is not always possible to reconcile a friendly tact with a correct use of the English language. At a recent convention, the National Retail Hardware Dealers' Association sought to enhance its dignity by striking the word "dealers" from its title. "The term 'merchant,'" the Iron Age editorially explains, "is altogether more dignified than 'dealer,' and those who sell hardware in an enterprising spirit and with up-to-date methods should insist, out of respect to themselves and their calling, upon being known as 'merchants.'"

In ordinary use, of course, "merchant" is applied only to those who trade on a very large scale. Many a man whose business is entirely wholesale would hesitate to appropriate it. "Dealer," on the other hand, is more correctly applied to those whose business it is to distribute a commodity in smaller deals or portions. Upon just such fine shadings of sense as this depend the accuracy and force of language Is it quite an insult not to speak of the man who sells you an up-to-date nail in an enterprising manner as a merchant?

Those dealers who want to dignify their titles will perhaps see the force of these remarks more strongly in the case of a colored writer who objected, in one of the organs of his people, to having an "Afro-American lady of the upper class" called a negress. He never heard the word applied to such a lady "without experiencing a stinging sensation of shame, of having been struck in the face by a blackguard." The explanation of all this emotion lay in the fact that he regarded the word "negress" as the feminine of "nigger." No such triumph of philology has been achieved since an Irishwoman, applying for work, asked: "Is this the woman what wants a lady to scrub for her?"

Few human ambitions are worthier than that of dignifying one's labor. In comparison, the purity of the language is the merest trifle. Only applause would be worthy of these verbal aspirations—if it did not happen that the effect of them is so much the reverse of dignified.

Business Graft

WISCONSIN is neither rash nor foolish; but she does not fear to tread where no other angels have gone before She has now taken up the great subject of graft in business and passed a law which makes it a misdemeanor to give any employee any valuable thing with the intent to influence him in respect of his employer's business.

This law is a notable effort, but there are those who fear that it will fail. Many gifts to employees are made with an upright heart. Many others, including the whole category of "tips," are made mostly for the gratification of the tipper in that feeling of his own benevolence and his social superiority to the tipee which he derives from the act. Travel would lose some of its charm and the restaurant dinner would miss its final flavor without the bow and beam of the serving brother at one's elbow as the coin disappears in his humble palm—without, also, the satisfaction afterward of declaiming against the tip system in order to show that one practices it.

The great difficulty in dealing by statute with this subject of business graft lies in determining exactly what is graft, in pointing out the precise spot where the serpent intrudes his loathed head. In this particular the Wisconsin law is faulty. An act of this kind, to be really effective, should be accompanied by a set of psychological charts, so that the "saleslady," for example, being offered the usual tribute of chocolate creams by the amiable drummer, could turn to Exhibit D and see whether, at the particular point under the tip of her pencil, the pale pink line of gallantry merged into the dark yellow of an intention to warp her judgment as to the house's need of dress goods. It should have indexes and cross references whereby the court could decide whether the ponderous cast-iron clock that the axle-grease man gave his old acquaintance, the purchasing-agent, was a guileless mark of friendship or a bribe.

Until such a comprehensive guide is furnished, the old question of what is an honest and what a dishonest gift will probably have to be settled in the old way—by each employee sitting down with his conscience and trying his own case. If he overrules the judgment of that court, it may be doubted whether a statute at large will keep him straight.

Shakespeare, Shaw and Pshaw

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has acquired another grievance against the British public. He has been scolded for saying, in his Irish arrogance, that he could write a better play than As You Like It. Could write?—answers G. B. S. in a huff. 'Am I not a playwright by trade? What I said was that I actually have written better plays, and, in fact, never wrote anything half so bad. Then he adds, just to show how fair he can be to a vanquished rival, that he referred to the "matter" in the play. Shakespeare's style, he admits, is as good as human style can be. To all this Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, who is young enough and wise enough to know better, answers that Mr. Shaw takes himself too seriously.

The fact is, of course, that the British public takes Mr. Shaw too seriously; and that is a pity, for his trade is that of intellectual clown, and in all English literature he has not his equal. Other men invent new garments of opinion. He turns them inside out, sews the seams with jingling bells, and goes about flaunting them in the faces of his generation His motley is made of the intellectual realism of Ibsen crossed with the philosophy of Nietzsche, and, judged by such standards, the "matter" of Shakespeare's romantic comedy is, of course, nonsense. A handsaw is a very good thing, to modify a saying of Poor Richard's, and especially to shave any man you have a grudge against. Mr. Shaw is a Figaro of the handsaw, whose profession is to give the British public its morning scrape

For those who refuse to kick and scream in his chair, however, there is much meat in what he says. We have all made a demigod of Shakespeare. It is high time we planted the fact in our minds that he was a practical manager and a playwright who wrote with a clear eye on the likes and dislikes of his public. In All's Well and Measure for Measure, as Mr. Shaw proclaims, he showed a grasp of the darker realities of human character and conduct which even a modern realist might envy. But the public would have none of these plays, so he gave them the drama as they liked it. Even here he was not an originator. As the chronology of the Elizabethan drama plainly shows, his most characteristic pieces followed in the wake of popular successes of his contemporaries. Lyly paved the way for Love's Labor's Lost, Peele for A Midsummer Night's Dream, Greene and Lodge for As You Like It, Marlowe for Richard III. Romeo and Juliet, The Merchant of Venice and Hamlet were mere rewritings of popular plays by obscure or unknown predecessors The Roman historical plays and the later romances came in the wake of fashions of the time. Even Beaumont and Fletcher yielded their tribute of suggestion. In his "matter" he was at his most original moment an imitator, and at his least a borrower—an astute, practical playwright always

All this is a commonplace of Shakespearean criticism, and even those who discovered it have never doubted that the prevailing estimate of Shakespeare's genius is in the main just. Not a man to make an idol of, this merchant of plays on the Bankside, but yet the most eloquent, the most human, the most intellectual and the most poetic of dramatists, and —after all has been said—the original genius of vastest proportions the world has yet produced. As for Shaw, he is amusing always, and on the most intellectual plane. Wise men laugh with him, or if they deride him, it is only by asking, as A. B. Walkley once did, whether his name is not spelled with a "P."

Conglomerate Strangers

NEW YORK grows at the rate of about five hundred a day, most of the new people coming either from the other parts of America or from Europe. While its increase is perhaps more rapid than that of any other of our large cities, all of them are increasing in the same way, and have been doing it for years. Perhaps there are not half a dozen cities, large or small, in the North half of whose population were born within their limits.

Here you have the perfectly simple, natural explanation of the municipal corruption which is the chief cause of the chief factor in our whole political corruption. These conglomerates of strangers, intent upon making a living, looking on the city not as a home but as a convenience, having no knowledge of its history, or of its public affairs, follow their national party affiliations blindly in local elections, and so unconsciously establish the grafters.

Endowing the College Athlete

THE proposal of certain Cornell alumni, to establish a scholarship to be awarded on the basis of scholastic attainments, character and athletics combined, opens up vistas of delight to the comic spirit. On the face of it, the proposal is identical with the Cecil Rhodes bequest; but whereas that was received with joy this is opposed with reprobation, and especially at Ithaca

If it is right for an English university to reward sportsmanlike prowess with a stipend, why is it wrong for an American university? Simply because it is. There athletics is, and always has been, primarily a pastime. Here we make of it first and last a business. In England the authorities are not for a moment to be suspected of a tendency to swerve from the line of rectitude in order to further the chances of beating the rival university. At Cambridge, it is true, there once were signs of pique over the sudden influx of tried athletes at Oxford but the occasion was at the worst one of half-satirical jest. In America we know by bitter experience that even college faculties are prone to cultivate success on the field as a mere advertisement. Once legalize the endowed athlete, and the way is opened up to a hideous orgy of professionalism in masquerade.

Corrupt Investors

IN SEVERAL States the extortions of sundry over-bonded, over-capitalized public corporations have been exposed, and they are trying to save themselves by adding to the usual means, bribing the legislature, a frantic outcry against "robbing innocent investors." But is an investor in a corrupt corporation "innocent"?

In purely private business, the investor who lends his money to the exploitation of queer enterprises has to take his chances. If he "gets off with the goods," well and good; if he is caught, he accepts his loss in shamefaced silence. But, if the queer enterprise is a public-service corporation, he expects to be regarded as ignorant of how his small investment happens to be making such large returns; and, if retribution comes, he expects to be not merely saved from loss, but permitted to go on getting his big interest or dividends at the expense of the public!

The Knock of Opportunity

How, When It Sounds, the Moments Are Literally Golden

By Charles Moreau Harger

THE success of this world is the result of luck," remarked a country banker. "Things come to people Opportunity knocks at people's doors, just as Ingalls says, and if they answer they are made." Some men answer and some do not. The ones who do attract attention.

For instance, there was a wild young scapegrace who attended the University of Pennsylvania. After one of his particularly exciting adventures, his father, a Philadelphia business man, called him into council "I am tired of your escapades," he declared wrathily. "I am going to ship you out West and let you make your own way for a while. Start for Kansas City to-morrow. You will find advices there for you "

In the hands of a Kansas City commission firm was fifteen thousand dollars to set the boy up in business. "If you can put him on a ranch somewhere," the father wrote, "so much the better—but keep him West and keep him busy."

This was a fat commission for the firm and it waited for the boy, whom the members pictured as a delicate, cigarette smoking dandy. But he wasn't. When he had taken leave of a pretty girl in Germantown and made the long trip to Kansas City, he strode into the office, a big, hearty, self-conscious specimen of college manhood

"We have decided," said the head of the firm, "that the best place for you is in the Pecos Valley "

"And where is the Pecos Valley?" inquired the Philadelphian.

"Out West," was the response. "Will you go?"

This was the knock of Opportunity, and youth heard and answered

"Of course I'll go—it makes no difference to me."

Now the firm had taken part of the money and bought land for the boy, receiving a good commission at the other end for so doing. It gave him the description and the deeds, a railway ticket and a time-table, and put him aboard a Santa Fe train.

Kansas City is a long way from Philadelphia, but the Pecos Valley is a wearisome trip from Kansas City—for one who does not know the magnificent distances of the West

The college boy went on his farm, bought a little stock and talked with the neighbors. Then he wrote to the commission firm: "Send me a hundred bushels of alfalfa seed." The firm did not care—as well that as anything. Alfalfa seed costs seven dollars a bushel and the percentage of profit is liberal

A few months later came a telegram: "How much money have I left?"

The head of the firm was scared, but he had his orders and, after looking up the records, he replied: "A little over five thousand dollars."

"Buy hogs with it and ship them," came the reply

Then the members of the firm laughed. "Why not hogs?" they asked themselves. And they bought them.

No more communications came from the Pecos Valley, and it was with something of a start that the head of the firm looked up one day and saw before him the young man from Philadelphia—big, brown, self-conscious and smiling. What was the matter?

"Well, I thought I would come to town," began the visitor. "What will you give me for that?"

He threw on the counter a bill of lading for—What! The head of the firm looked at it again and exclaimed: "A train-load of hogs?"

"Yes, and these are all fat ones, too. Got some more out in the alfalfa fields."

Hogs were worth six cents a pound in the Kansas City market just then, and there was a snug thirty thousand dollars in the shipment. The young man bought a draft for fifteen thousand dollars and sent it to his father. With the remainder in his pocket he went to see the girl in Germantown.

Sometimes the real opportunity of a man's life does not come to him so early or in so spectacular a way. It more nearly fulfills the bank cashier's idea of luck. So, too, it extends over a wider circle than that of his own life and adds to the happiness and prosperity of hundreds of others.

Down in Louisiana there was, a few years ago, a town which possessed little more than a station and a lunch-counter. A decrepit sawmill was doing a small business; the lands around were impoverished by long years of cotton-growing, and the people who had energy and thrift were moving over to the rice-lands of Texas. One day a man from Illinois, traveling through the South, looked out of the window of the Pullman car and liked the pretty landscape that stretched away. As the train stopped, he alighted and stayed over night in the village. It was the visit of Opportunity for himself and for the village, but he did not realize it

He examined the soil; he talked about the climate, and decided that it would be a good place to raise tomatoes for the Northern market. The settlers—who were struggling along half starved, dwelling largely in reminiscences of the time before the war when there had been a tannery and shoe-factory in the place—thought he was wrong.

"WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING HERE?"

"I'll furnish you seed and tools and give you a dollar a bushel for the tomatoes," he declared, and a few accepted the offer. The next year there were more, and then an excursion of farmers from the North stopped there and straightway began a revival. To-day more tomatoes are raised in this locality than in any similar territory in the world. Hundreds of cars are hauled to Chicago and the Eastern market every season. Added to the tomatoes are now cabbages, radishes, early corn and peas, skillful truck-raisers producing a thousand dollars annually from an acre of the fertile land. From being a Sleepy Hollow it has become a thrifty community—and all because the landscape pleased a wearied traveler!

The waking of a sleeping town is often the result of such seeming accident. A few months ago an Iowan, on his way to visit his brother in Missouri, changed cars at one of the old-time Southern county-seats where the farmers tie their horses to the rickety fence around the public square, and wooden awnings shelter the dingy stores.

"What do you do for a living here?" he asked of one of the men at the depot.

"Nothin' much. Sell some wheat and corn over to the Junction," was the somewhat ambiguous reply.

"Is there no mill here? No water-works? No electric lights?"

"None of 'em, mister. We're too sleepy, I guess."

The Iowan stayed in the town another day; he bought a site for a mill; talked to the city fathers about an electric light and water-works plant—and went home, promising to return soon

That was six months ago. Now there is in operation a fifteen-thousand-dollar flour-mill with a capacity of a hundred barrels a day. An electric light and water-works plant will be in operation by midsummer, and bonds have been voted for a forty-thousand-dollar courthouse to be located in the public square. The wooden awnings are coming down, the stores are being painted—the town is fully awake. It waited forty years for the knock of Opportunity, but heard when it came.

A half-dozen years ago a young Westerner who had tried his hand at everything, from mining in Colorado to banking in Kansas and running a newspaper in Nebraska, ended a term in a county office with a few hundred dollars and nothing to do. He had gathered among his modest assets some stock in a little creamery in a neighboring town. He went to look it over and found that its profits were on a very narrow margin

"What's the matter?" he asked the manager.

"Costs too much to make the butter," was the reply. "We have to run machinery that could make a thousand pounds a day, but we make only two hundred pounds because there is not milk enough hereabouts."

This suggested a method of combining several creameries into one to save the expense account, and the young man went to work on it. It was a success. In a few months he had induced capitalists to back him, and in a year over two hundred small creameries were sending milk to a central station where thousands of pounds of butter were turned out every day. The saving of a fraction of a cent a pound meant a handsome profit.

This was not enough. The young man studied the other end of the milk industry and went to New York. He wore his best clothes and stayed at the most expensive hotel. He called on the head of the largest company interested in making a specialty of casein, which is the residue after all the butter-fat and all the water have been taken out of milk It is used to make paint, to manufacture celluloid and for many things of that sort

"Where do you get your raw material?" asked the Westerner

"Buy it of the creameries up State," was the response of the puzzled manufacturer

"Why don't you buy the creameries and have it as a part of the natural product of the business?"

"Cost too much."

"Organize them into the concern with you." And the Westerner went on to tell how he had combined the Western creameries. The manager told him to go ahead with his scheme

The next call was on a firm of lawyers whose forty clerks are busy all the time. All day the young man waited in the lobby, but could not get an audience. "Come to morrow," said the door-boy

The next morning the Westerner was on hand. Lunch-time came and went. It was three o'clock when he received a message "You can have five minutes now." How he trembled as he went into the great man's presence!

In four minutes he laid the plan before the attorney.

"It looks very well," said the lawyer, "but how do you propose to be certain of paying interest on the indebtedness?"

The visitor started to explain, but his time was up.

"Come back when you have it down in writing," was the order.

Two days later he was again in the lawyer's presence, and spread before him the details of his plan and the figures that he thought could be made actualities.

"It's all right—we'll finance it," was the verdict, and the new venture was launched. After a while the call of the West took the young man back to the plains, and when I saw him last he was riding in his own automobile, one of the finest in Kansas City, to his luxuriously furnished office in a leading trust company building. It does not make much difference to him now whether or not Opportunity looks at him.

Another opportunity came to a student of the creamery business and it revolutionized the industry throughout the nation.

It used to be the custom for the farmer to haul all his milk to the creamery station. Ten or twenty big cans were taken several miles in a heavy wagon and the entire product delivered to the manager who separted the cream from the watery portion. Of course, if the housewife cared to take the trouble, she might "set" the milk in pans in the old-fashioned way, skim it and send only the richer part to the creamery. Few did that because it took too much time

One day a creamery man, looking at the rapidly whirling separator that was extracting the cream from the milk, remarked: "Why cannot a small separator be built to use on the farm and separate the cream from the whey before delivering to the station?"

He began work on such a machine and eventually it was brought to perfection.

The hand separator has become a part of every dairy farmer's equipment. Run by a big dog, a calf or colt, or turned by the unwilling youth of the household, it occupies a large place in the money-making business of the agricultural sections of the country. One Western State bought five million dollars' worth of hand separators in a single season. Their use has made it possible for one family to pasture its cows in Colorado, milk them in Kansas, and ship the cream by fast express to a creamery in Missouri. It has made several fortunes for its manufacturers, and enabled the farmer to take his milk to the station in a light buggy (one or two cans of cream) rather than in a heavy wagon, thus saving both time and labor.

Then there be some well-meaning souls who do not recognize Opportunity, and she forces her favors upon them, breaking over the rule that she has laid down for the rest of mankind

One of these was the gatekeeper of an irrigation ditch at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The ditch was the property of a city, and it controlled the waters that went swirling down the gutters every afternoon and flooded the green lawns and the pretty park. The ditch was managed, of course, by the city administration, and that body was, like the municipal authorities of some other cities, looking out for the members' welfare a little harder than it was for the prosperity of the community

One of the things in which the city fathers were interested was a mine—the kind of a mine that forms the basis for large issues of stock. When the gatekeeper applied for his job he was met with the question, "Wouldn't you like to buy some stock in the Double-Back Action Mining Company?"

He knew what that meant, and though he also knew it meant that he must mortgage his home, and, though he felt morally certain that the stock was worthless, he said·

"Yes, I'd like to take about five hundred dollars' worth." He needed a job badly

This was more than he was expected to take, but the grafters did not object—and he got the place at thirty-five dollars a month. He was thrifty and the work took but a few hours a day, so the mortgage was soon paid, and he often looked at the beautifully ornamented green and gold certificates of stock—par value five thousand dollars, for it was only ten cents a share in those days—and it really seemed like wealth to him. One afternoon he read in the Mining Review that the Double-Back-Action Mine had struck it rich and stock had doubled in value. A week later it doubled again, and the promoters began quarreling among themselves as to who should control the property, now becoming desirable. Then one afternoon the mayor called on the gatekeeper.

"Don't you want to sell that stock?" he asked

"It is doing pretty well," was the reply. "I do not see how I can."

"I'll give you par for it," came the offer, but the gatekeeper refused. Later came dividends and higher quotations—the mine had become one of the big money-makers. The gatekeeper held to his stock and drew five hundred dollars a month, in addition to his salary of thirty-five dollars, until he retired and took a trip to Europe. He never did exactly understand how fortune was forced upon him against his will.

Of course it is easy to tell of men who have made fortunes out of the regular ruts. There is the Oklahoma man who drove into a town eight years ago with a wagon and a pair of buckskin ponies, and has now made fifty thousand dollars by raising wheat; taking the crop to buy more land to raise more wheat, and so on, in increasing ratio. And there is the old Western miner who the other day sold his mine, the first great find of his life, for thirty-five thousand dollars and spent it all in three days, throwing away the double eagles as if they were confetti, until, dead broke, he took his pack mule and started again for the hills. But these are every-day happenings; they do not meet the demands of a finer example.

The bank cashier who talked about luck may have been thinking of his own case. Eighteen years ago he was a clerk in a hardware store. To-day he is worth fifty thousand dollars—or more.

ENGLISH SCHOOLS IN AMERICAN LIFE—By G. Avery

ONE night early last autumn I happened to be talking to a United States Senator in Washington. The Senator hails from a Western State. He is a rich man, but he came by his money honestly; it is the fruit of long labor with his own hard hands—which have wielded, and can still wield, a pickaxe—and of his own brain—which is now marking him as one of the strongest, sanest and most patriotic men in the upper house of our national legislature. He is, in short, a genuine American; a man of the people and a gentleman; sincere, honest, respected by his associates of whatever party, and, above all, possessed of a clear eye for the truth which will tolerate no sham and which infallibly pierces the mask of the suavest deception.

In the course of our conversation I chanced to mention the name of this man's sixteen-year-old son who had lately been sent to a new and high-priced private school near Boston.

"How is Jim coming on at school?" I asked.

The Senator's fine, frank face clouded

"Jim is not coming on at school," he succinctly replied. "He's coming away." Then, perceiving my expression of bewilderment, the Senator continued: "I am taking him away because I am convinced that that place is not a fit one for a healthy American boy. Last month I noticed that Jim's report showed a very poor mark in the matter of 'conduct,' as they called it. I wrote and asked him, jocularly, what he had been doing. I thought perhaps he had used his fists to too much advantage, or decorated the teacher's chair with a bent pin. But what do you suppose the trouble really was? *He had been guilty of wearing yellow shoes to week-day morning chapel!* I couldn't believe that there was any rule against such a thing, or that, if there was, its infringement would be so severely punished. Why, sir, twenty-five years ago such a school as that one couldn't have lived one year on American soil!"

But there the good Senator was mistaken—and the trouble is that most American parents share his ignorance. Such schools as that to which he sent his son exist and thrive in plenty on American soil, and have existed and thrived there for more than a quarter of a century. Little is publicly known about their tendencies, because those tendencies work, as a rule, along the minutiæ of school life into which parents do not generally inquire, and because, if the boy succumbs to them, he accepts them as right and is silent; or, if he revolts, nevertheless holds his tongue from a sense that it is unsportsmanlike to tell tales out of school. Thus it is that the poison spreads and prospers, and that the English school—a school, that is, with the cultivation of caste for its secretly confessed object—has become a potent factor in American life.

To the age of these institutions one incident within my own experience will serve as sufficient evidence and as an illuminating illustration. Just twenty-five years ago I attended exactly that sort of a school in the neighborhood of New York. For roommates I had two lads—Charley and Pete—newcomers like myself. One week-day afternoon word arrived that the Head Master, as the principal styled himself, wanted to see Pete in his study. The message had a sombre sound. We thought of all our sins and sent Peter away with tremulous benedictions. After a long half-hour he returned.

"What do you suppose that old fool wanted?" gasped the irreverent Peter

We confessed ourselves unable to fathom the Stygian depths of the Head Master's desires

"He wanted me," said Pete, "to wear black clothes to morning chapel!"

Here was an invasion of the sacred rights of the individual. It appeared that Peter—who had a really deplorable weakness for light grays and a perfect mania for shepherd's plaids—had, during his two weeks at the school, appeared in no other shades or patterns.

"It's a skin-game," said Charley—if "skin-game" was then in the slang dictionary—"I believe the school-tailor gets a rake-off! Anyhow, the catalogue doesn't say you've got to have a suit of black clothes when you come here, and we oughtn't to stand for such misrepresentation."

"What d'you tell him?" I asked.

"Who? Old Head-and-Tails?" replied Pete, thus again referring irreverently to the Head Master. "Nothin'. He didn't give me a chance. He just said: 'Peter'—and Pete's voice, I remember, dropped to an excellent imitation of the great man's pompous tones—'Peter, I have noticed that you do not wear a black suit to chapel in the mornings Now, in Winchester' (that's in Hengland, yer know, fellows!)—'in Winchester they have a rule which makes all the lads' (that's what he said: '*lads*') 'wear black in church. This school is modeled on Winchester. Hereafter you will always put on your black suit to chapel.' '

It was Charley who had the inspiration. He said

"How does he know you've *got* a black suit?'

"Why—I guess he just don't know it."

"Then he needn't. Here, get out your trunk—I'll put that black suit of yours into mine.'

A quarter of an hour later Pete—this time of his own volition—was again in the study of the Head Master. He had forgotten, he said, to tell that worthy that he did not own a black suit'

"Well,' said the Head Master; "buy one

Pete sniffled. "But, sir," he whined, "I've no money.'

"What? Then send home for some!"

"Please, sir, my family's gone abroad."

And the result was as we anticipated: the rule remained unbroken, but at the cost of a new suit for Peter out of the pocket of our learned head.

Tan shoes and black coats—they are but straws, yet they show very clearly the direction of the wind in a certain type of our private schools. A certain type, mark you, for—thank Heaven!—that type is not yet general, is not even prevailing. The United States, so rich in its splendid system of public schools and colleges, small and large, is almost as magnificently endowed with private schools of every sort and description which rival those of any other country in the world, and make of their pupils educated men and good Americans. But the point of this article is that there exists an old and growing class of private schools which seek slavishly to imitate similar institutions of English soil, forgetting, or ignoring, the fact that such institutions are pernicious to American life and ideals, precisely because they are so well suited to the life and the ideals of the government and the society that bore them

And just there is the crux of the whole matter A great deal has been said—and very well said—about the purpose of education, but the whole purpose of education may, it seems to me, be boiled down into the single phrase *The aim of education is the making of good citizens.* To suppose that you can make good American citizens of boys by training them, during their most impressionable years, in a mode of living and thinking which has been found by long centuries to be the best way to form good subjects of Great Britain—that is as absurd as the sister belief that you can make good American women by teaching girls some menu French, and paying generally more attention to their hands and feet than to their heads and hearts.

Yet the absurdity persists. In truth, these schools do not concern themselves with the making of Americans. What they want to make is gentlemen—or their particular species of gentleman. "It is our single boast," remarked the head of one of these institutions a year or two ago, "that our boys are gentlemen. To the preservation of that quality we devote ourselves." On the face of it, a laudable ambition, truly. But just what is a gentleman? Not a few eminent men have answered that question—and each differed considerably from the others who essayed the task. But there are two things certain about it: a gentleman is not a man who goes through life declaring his gentility, and the result of eternally telling one set of schoolboys that they are gentlemen is pretty sure to be anything but a set of gentlemen. In plain words, the effect of these schools is to make their boys think they belong to a special class; that they are gentlemen's sons first and young Americans—if at all—afterward; that they are of a higher caste and a chosen people.

There need be no difficulty in detecting such schools. They are branded at once by the English nomenclature which they ape.

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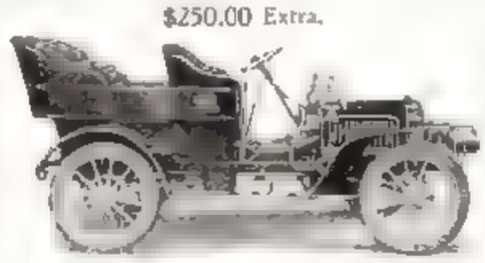

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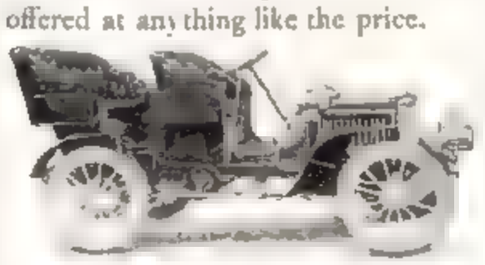

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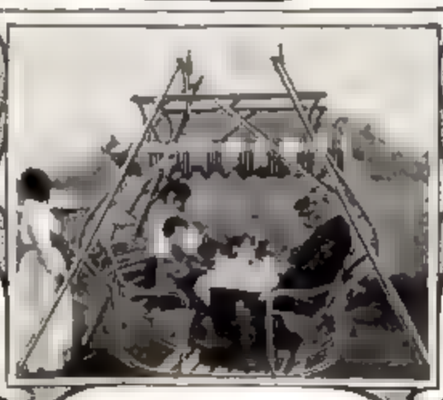

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They have "masters" instead of teachers, and "forms" instead of classes, and at least one or two of them try to induce their boys to play cricket, the national game of England, and banish baseball, the national game of America, into the limbo of anathema. Not that the mere matter of terms counts. The term "master" is offensive to Americans because it died, for white men, in the Revolution and was buried for all men beneath the apple tree at Appomattox, but, in itself, it is only a word, after all. Nor is there any reason against calling classes "forms"—except that they are not forms. Why not, anyhow, call a quarter "a shilling" and speak of a fifty-dollar bill as a "ten-p'und note"?

However, the "masters" often find some difficulty in converting their students to this point of view. Some ten years ago the head of one of these pseudo-Anglican schools sent for his most trusted "upper-former."

"The boys," he complained, "do not care for cricket. Can you suggest any way in which I can induce them to play it?"

"Yes," said the wise upper-former "They now have a half-holiday on Saturdays; give a half-holiday on Wednesday to all who play cricket—make it a holiday for the practice of that game alone—and then make the other fellows work as usual."

And, incredible as it may seem, the thing was done!

To the credit of the boys, it should be added that they refused to be bribed into playing a game that they disliked, and that, by forcing the issue, they finally won Wednesday afternoon as a free and unrestricted holiday for the whole school

Another evil of such schools is that, as a general thing, they are cut off from all athletic and intellectual competition with other schools

"You are gentlemen's sons"—thus the youth of one such institution were once, in effect, informed—"and you must not enter a track athletic meet with rowdies from such-and-such a school—which is so much cheaper in its tuition fees than this one."

And yet, that very season, this same Head Master sanctioned the organization of a school cricket eleven and invited up from a neighboring manufacturing town to play with it an eleven of English mill-hands!

Whether it is part and parcel of the system one is unprepared to affirm, but it is certainly an unfailing coincidence that the moral tone of such schools is scarcely of the highest. An alumnus once told me this story, which I have every reason to believe is true:

"It may seem like bragging, but it's a fact that, until I was fifteen years old, I never deliberately told a lie. The thing happened at school. I was one of the good boys, I suppose, but I had been given for a roommate—probably because it was hoped that I should have a good effect on him—a boy who was not all that he should have been. He was in the habit of slipping out of nights and going into the town. This was suspected by the masters, but the boy was too sharp to be caught. At last, one morning after I had seen my roommate climb back through the window at one A. M., the Head Master sent for me

"'My dear,' said he—that's the kind of a man he was: he always called us 'dears'!—'I have the greatest faith in you. I believe you have the welfare of the school at heart, and what I am going to ask you is for the welfare of the school. Did your roommate go into town last night?'

"Had I been older I should have replied that he had no right to ask such a question, but I was young and scared, and I knew that if I tried to evade a direct answer it would be tantamount to accusing my friend. I made up my mind then and there that I might be a liar, but I wouldn't be a tattletale. So I looked squarely into the old man's eyes and answered: 'No.'"

"In my time," says another alumnus, "things were just as bad. The school employs the monitor system whereby certain tried upper-formers must report any infringement of the rules which they observe. One day, as a monitor, I was obliged to report, for the thousandth time, an old offender named Tomlinson. That afternoon—it was a holiday—I saw him working out his punishment: writing, hundreds of times over, a line from Virgil, which task was the alternative of a whipping. I went to the master, who was playing jailer. I said:

"'I hate to see Tomlinson Second' (we used the English method of numbering persons of the same name) 'shut up here writing on this fine day.'

"'Well,' said the master, 'he seems to like it, for he chose it rather than the licking.'

"'There's a rule,' I said, 'under which the monitor can, if he wants, take the licking.'

"'Do you want to take Tomlinson's?'

"'Yes—only, as he's done part of his task, I think you ought to be easy enough on me to promise that, if you break the ruler in the process, you'll quit right there.'

"The master agreed and laid his brass-edged ruler across my shoulders: it broke at the first blow'

"Well, years passed and I forgot the whipping. I was out in Colorado for my health—weak as a cat—when one day in a small mining town I happened into a barroom full of tough-looking men. Suddenly I heard a yell from the roulette-table and saw a giant of a chap swinging toward me. I recognized Tomlinson and remembered how he had hated me for reporting him.

"'Here,' I thought, 'is his revenge.'

"But Tomlinson merely grabbed my hand

"'By cracky!' he yelled 'If it isn't good old Trevor, who took my licking for me!'"

The same curious logic which allows the sort of vicarious atonement made by Trevor differentiates, at such schools, between the merely rich and the very rich pupils. In some cases the catalogue will tell you that the boys sleep in alcoves in dormitories generally, as a matter of fact, arranged after the most approved prison plans, whereby the supervising master's quarters, with plenty of glass doors, command every wing. But all the boys do not sleep there. On the contrary, you will find that the heirs to the greatest wealth are given rooms in a house occupied, say, by the Head Master's brother, and are spared the food of the common table. It is a fact that, not long ago, there came to one of these schools two brothers—Boston boys who had, theretofore, been always in the care of French governesses and sewing maids, so that at the ages of ten and twelve they were unable to dress themselves, and had so poor a knowledge of English that they could neither understand their schoolmates nor make themselves understood in their native tongue But they were very wealthy and—one young master was assigned as their valet and another was set the task of teaching them the language of their own country.

Garfield remarked that his idea of a liberal education was to sit on one end of a log and have Mark Hopkins sit on the other end, and that is what every education is—only it is of the highest importance that the man on the other end should be a Mark Hopkins. From that man, whoever he is, the boy, if he is to take any hints at all, must take them. A private school is and must be a tyranny, and the only question is whether it is to be beneficent or baneful. The Head Master may be a real man and a real American, but parents should make sure that he is not instead only an Anglomaniac with an Oxford walk and a Tractarian movement

And yet, in the last analysis, the encouraging thing about it all—the rift of sunlight through all this absurd imitation of a London fog—is the evidence of the enduring Americanism of the American boy. Of course, the danger that he may succumb to such influences is a grave one and one that merits the warning I have tried to sound But, so far as my own acquaintance goes, the boy has come out unscathed, or at worst only a little scarred. It is well to check the influence—much or little—of the English school in American life, but, in spite of these efforts toward the illiberal education of snobs, thus far at least, it has been a futile attempt to make an English sow's ear out of an American silk purse. You might as well expect a bulldog to flush a covey of quail because you call him a setter.

Ade's "College Widow"

GEORGE ADE, the playwright and humorist, was a graduate of the class of '87, Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana. While at college he was known as a good, all-round fellow and a fair student, his temperament being more on the lackadaisical order than the energetic. He had a quiet vein of dry wit, but no one supposed, at that time, that he would eventually develop into a popular wit.

While at the university Ade was initiated into a college Greek-letter secret society known as the Sigma Chi Fraternity. In June, 1900, the local chapter of this fraternity decided to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of the college by publishing a very handsome little book under the title of A Souvenir. Alumni members of the society were invited to contribute, Ade being among those solicited. He responded by contributing a poem called The College Widow, which he has since admitted was his chief inspiration for his most successful present-day comedy bearing the same title. The following is a verbatim copy of the poem as originally published.

THE COLLEGE WIDOW
By George Ade

When I was but a Freshman—and that was long ago—
I saw her first—but did not learn her name;
She was at a lecture, I believe, in the first or second row,
And the Junior with her seemed to be her flame.
He held her fan all evening and gazed into her eyes.
Thought I: "Now they're engaged—or soon will be."
But afterward they quarreled, as I learned with some surprise,
When the Faculty conferred on him—G. B.

That very spring a rumor in the college circles spread
That a Senior had her young affections snared;
And after he had graduated, then the two would wed—
'Twas even said her *trousseau* was prepared
But this was surely a canard; when I returned next fall,
She had a young Professor on the string;
He used to send her flowers and frequently would call,
And kindly turn her music when she'd sing.

The Prof. received an offer from some college in the East
And left quite unexpectedly one day;
Within a week the charmer wasn't grieving in the least,
When I saw her with a Freshman at the play.

She had a gay flirtation with a Special taking art
I went with him to call one Sunday night,
He kindly introduced me—then I played a villain's part,
For I made a mash and knocked him out of sight.

Oh, charming college widow, I never can forget
The night when you put on my college pin;
I pressed your hand and told you that the act you'd not regret,
And you said you'd stick to us through thick and thin
I remember still the picnics and that moonlight promenade,
Just the night before I paid for my degree,
When we interchanged such sacred vows, and declarations made
That we'd love each other through eternity.

I heard from you quite often—I liked your letters, too,
They were spicy and chuck-full of college news
But the interval between them soon became a month or two,
And our courtship seemed its interest to lose
I didn't write for full three months, and one day I received,
By express, collect, each love-sick *billet doux*,
And, though I swore that I had been both jilted and deceived,
I returned your letters—paid the charges, too.

Last Commencement I revisited the scenes of college life,
Six years had brought about a wondrous change;
I knew a few Professors who were glad to meet my wife,
But the students all seemed out of place and strange.
There was little to recall to me the olden time so sweet,
And so it was a pleasure you may know,
At the Field-day exercises, unexpectedly to meet,
An acquaintance of the happy long ago.

She looked but little older, her laugh was just as gay;
Beside her was a gallant Sophomore
Who held her parasol aloft and gushed the selfsame way
That I had doubtless done in days of yore
I merely tipped my hat; I feared to introduce my wife,
For I knew that some remark might lightly fall,
Revealing to my better half a chapter of my life
Which I'd rather she should not suspect at all.

—*C. H. Eldridge.*

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COLLEGE POLITICS

How the American Passion to Run Things is Strong Even in Academic Shades

By JULIEN JOSEPHSON

IT WILL come somewhat as a shock to the layman and the idealist to learn that, in practically every important college and university in the United States, there exists a system of machine politics which, in its little sphere, exercises as absolute a domination as any engine of control ever devised by the astute brain of a modern captain of suffrage. Its great, overshadowing hand shapes, in a large degree, the general policy of the student-body, designates its officers, and distributes its patronage. It may be truthfully described as an institution of the students, by the students, and for—itself.

The reasons for the development of this junior annex of the great American order of politicians are not hard to find. In the first place, the college community of to-day is not infrequently as large as that of a small town—often comprising several thousand men and women. It therefore offers fully as tempting an opportunity to the student with an ambition for political power and a genius for organization as an unorganized ward would offer to an old-line political boss. In the second place, the higher offices in the gift of the student-body carry with them an enviable amount of prestige and of patronage. Especially is this true of patronage in the case of fiscal officers. All the funds arising out of per capita assessments and donations from opulent alumni—amounting to many thousands of dollars annually—are intrusted to men serving ordinarily without bonds and under a system of faculty auditing that is altogether inadequate to cope with the potential subtleties of the grafter's art.

If, for example, the student treasurer happened to be a man of not over-scrupulous business ethics, he would have abundant opportunity for grafting, great and small. The small grafting would take the form of complimentary tickets to the chosen few, exclusive employment of friends as ushers at intercollegiate games, and the like. This may be defended as legitimate. It is the grafting on a large scale that the writer has especially in mind. The annual purchase of athletic supplies, the maintenance of an adequate force of coaches, trainers and rubbers, and other kindred items of expense would alone run far into the thousands. Manifestly, they would afford rich opportunity for graft.

As a matter of fact, however, grafting student officials are rare. Nor is it probable that machine control in college politics was ever introduced out of desire for spoil. On the contrary, the big men of the machine are ordinarily the big men of the college community. The real motives that are behind the machine are prestige and patronage: in other words, the good old American desire to run things.

The form of the machine is in every case substantially the same. First, there is what may be termed the general machine. It dominates, with varying degrees of effectiveness, the elections and general policy of the student-body as a whole. Secondly, there are the class machines. Ordinarily these are entirely distinct from the central organization. Their function is to engineer elections and matters of policy relating solely to their respective classes. In rare instances, however, where the central organization is extremely jealous of control—or, more often, when its own potentates are in the field for class honors—the class machine becomes merely an arm controlled from the central source. Recently, in one large university, it happened that in three classes the central machine succeeded in placing its nominees.

Just how the machine comes into being is difficult to ascertain, for it does not usually reveal itself until it has been organized beyond the probability of defeat. At first, in fact, it is not recognized as a machine. It is when the distribution of patronage—in the shape of important committees—occurs that the realization is driven home that a "push" has secured control. And thereupon there is heard the usual gnashing of teeth.

An "anti" faction immediately springs into existence. It arises out of various motives. The "sorehead" is, of course, greatly in the majority. Then there is the man who is honestly opposed to machine control of any sort. But it is the ambitious man, who hopes to break the machine and supplant it with one of his own contrivance, that imparts to the "anti's" life, energy and efficiency. It is from him that the machine in power has most to fear. If he is able to surround himself with numerous and able lieutenants, he may, by a secret campaign, succeed in turning the community opinion against it. And never were the evils of the Standard Oil octopus denounced more fervidly than are the alleged unspeakable evils of the machine in power. More often, however, the leader of the opposition proceeds by appealing to the voter's self-interest through political promises. But all this time the machine is anything but idle. It constantly has its own organizers in the field, and it is an extremely hard matter to dislodge it from its position.

The chief bone of contention between the warring factions is the vote of a newly matriculated freshman class. Herein lies the machine's chance to continue in power for at least a year; and herein lies the chief hope of the "anti's" to break the machine. A contest of frenzied politics ensues. In addition to obtaining as many votes as possible, each side makes strenuous endeavors to attract to its ranks the most promising of the freshmen—especially those who are looked upon as coming athletes. Then may be witnessed the rare spectacle of seniors unbending their dignity and patting freshmen familiarly on the shoulder—a familiarity which must later impress the freshman as somewhat insincere when, shortly after the elections, the same senior officiates at a little tubbing-bee in which the freshman plays the star part.

Thus far no hint has been given of the puzzling complexity of the conditions which the machine organizers have to face. They have no party lines upon which to base their organization. They organize merely for power. Consequently they have no settled principles to hold before the virtue-seeking gaze of the freshman. Their sole reliance is the energy and efficiency of their lieutenants in exacting pledges for votes and seeing to it that all these pledged votes are actually cast. Again, the machine is necessarily non-partisan as between fraternity-man and "barbarian," as the non-fraternity man is termed. Its executive council usually includes both of these. Now, as there is always more or less friction between "barb" and fraternity man—owing to the democracy of the one and the often snobbish exclusiveness of the other—the machine managers have constantly to face a delicate situation. Their position calls for no slight degree of tact and diplomacy. For the selection of a certain fraternity-man may alienate the entire "barb" wing, and, conversely, the selection of a certain "barb" may have the same effect upon the fraternity wing. And within these wheels there are still other wheels. For not infrequently one fraternity may be the bitter enemy of the other for the reason that somewhere in the gray past the one secured a freshman whom the other had set its heart on taking into its charmed circle.

In co-educational institutions the problem of effective organization is still further complicated. It has become an axiom in college politics that the "co-ed" vote is an unknown quantity until it is cast. Both sides, however, do all in their power to make it a known quantity. As a rule, the women do not cast nearly so heavy a proportionate vote as the men. But in many a close fight, where the male vote could be practically estimated beforehand, the women have come forward with an unusually heavy vote and completely upset all calculations. For my part, I know of no instance where the control of even the most powerful machine has been permanently exercised over the "co-ed" vote. Their choice seems usually to be governed entirely by individual preference of a sentimental nature.

The policy of the machine in distributing the offices within its gift is necessarily one of almost absolute selfishness. If it is to retain its power over the conduct of student affairs, it must put in office only such men as it can trust implicitly and manage easily. The machine is always careful, however, to allow the opposition a minority representation on a large number of important committees, and it cites this instance of generosity assiduously as conclusive evidence that there is no such thing as a machine.

It is the class elections, however, that afford the best illustrations of the practical workings of college politics. This is especially true of the upper classes, and more particularly of the elections for the final semester. The elections for the first semester carry with them little prestige, and are therefore extremely useful as a means of shelving prominent men who might be dangerous candidates in the elections of the final semester. In the case of the graduating class, there attaches to the office of president not only the prestige of a final and conspicuous honor, but also a large amount of patronage, such as, in some colleges, the appointment of committees to take charge of the class program during Commencement Week, as well as the appointment of officers for that occasion.

I recall one senior election where the machine was cheated out of what seemed certain victory by a trick that was more adroit than commendable, but one which was, nevertheless, perhaps justifiable in the circumstances. A moment ago it was remarked that the elections for the first semester were valuable as a means of disposing of dangerous candidates. Proceeding upon this knowledge, the machine with its customary foresight elected a prominent "anti" man as president of the senior class for the first semester. At the nominating meeting of the class, held some months later, they, of course, named a machine man for the final semester. The "anti's" named an independent. Now, it happened that no strict precedent had been established determining the eligibility of a senior voter. The ordinary practice seems to have been that all who had matriculated with the class—whether candidates for graduation that semester or not—were entitled to vote. However that may be, no strict precedent had been established. According to the constitution of the class, the question of the eligibility of voters was left entirely to the committee on elections, and, according to the same neglected document, the appointment of this committee rested with the president. The president in this case happened to be an unusually astute young man. He not only appointed a committee made up exclusively of "anti" men, but even went so far—after a thorough canvass of the class roll—as secretly to instruct the committee that only those slated to graduate that semester should be allowed to vote. The canvass made beforehand by the president had been an extremely careful one—the "anti" candidate won out by four votes.

Thus far nothing has been said concerning what may be termed the moral tone of machine control. Broadly speaking, it is neither better nor worse than independent control. Its candidates are nearly always strong men, since these naturally stand the best chance of election. It has already been pointed out that machine control in no sense arose out of desire for spoil, but merely out of the characteristic American desire to run things. But there is one deplorable feature of machine control. It enables a certain clique to run things to the exclusion of all others who will not enter the fold. In a word, it brings about in the college community certain conditions of political control closely analogous to those which obtain in the outside world. Consequently, those who would have the college community an ideal one cry out against the entrance of so brutally utilitarian a thing as machine politics. But it would be well to remind all these self-constituted guardians of academic virtue that, while the ordinary machine is organized for sordid considerations, the college machine is an incomparably cleaner institution. The sole motive for its being is power for power's sake.

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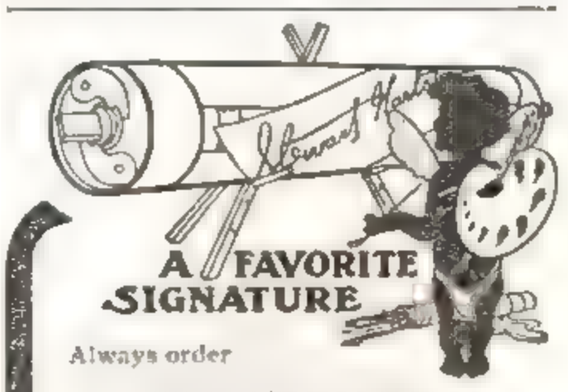

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The Triumphs of Eugène Valmont

Continued from Page 5

given you a bogus courage, and a false view of things. Are you going to tell me the truth or are you not?"

Jack pondered on this for a while; then he said:

"Well, sir, I'm perfectly willing to tell you the truth so far as it concerns myself but I don't want to rat on a friend."

"As I have said, he isn't your friend. He told you to take the name of Wyoming Ed so that he might blackmail the father of the real Wyoming Ed. He has done so for the last five years, living in luxury here in London, and not moving a finger to help you. In fact, nothing would appall him more than to know that you are to-night in this country. By this time he has probably received the news from the prison doctor that you are dead, and now thinks himself safe forever."

"If you can prove that to me——" said Jack.

"I can and will," I interrupted; then, turning to Sanderson, I demanded:

"When are you to meet this man next?"

"To-night, at nine o'clock, at my master's house," he answered. "His monthly payment is due, and he is clamoring for the large sum I told you of."

"Will you take us there and place us where we can see him and he can't see us?"

"Yes. I trust to your honor, Mr. Valmont. A closed carriage will call for me at eight, and you can accompany me. Still, after all, Mr. Valmont, we have no assurance that he is the same person this young man refers to."

"I am certain he is. He does not go under the name of Colonel Jim Baxter, I suppose?"

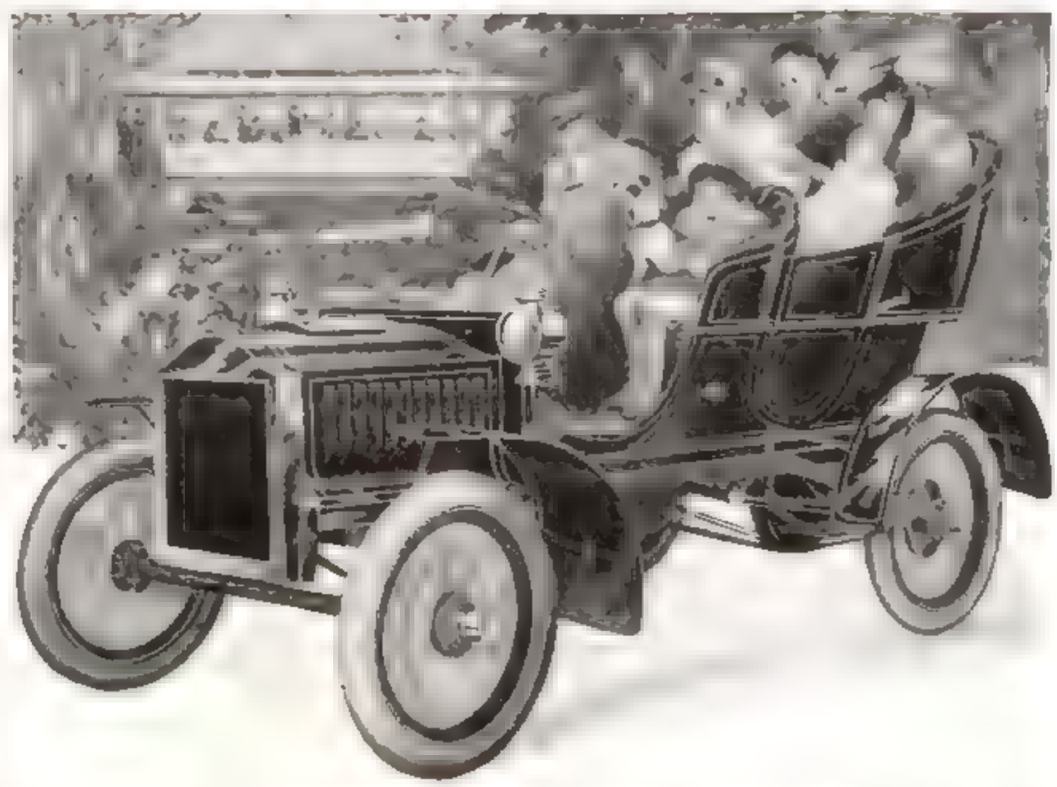
"No."

The convict had been looking from one to the other of us during this colloquy. Now he drew his chair closer to the table.

"Look here," he said, "you fellows are square, I can see that, and, after all's said and done, you're the man that got me out of jail. Now, I half suspicion you're right about Colonel Jim, but, anyhow, I'll tell you exactly what happened.

"Colonel Jim was a Britisher, and I suppose that's why he and Wyoming Ed chummed together a good deal. We called Jim Baxter Colonel, but he never said he was a colonel, or anything else. I was told he belonged to the British Army, and that something happened in India so that he had to light out. He never talked about himself, but he was a mighty taking fellow when he had out to please anybody. We called him Colonel because he was so straight in the back and walked as if he was on parade. When this young English tenderfoot came out he and the Colonel got to be thick as thieves, and the Colonel won a good deal of money from him at cards, but that didn't make any difference to their friendship. The Colonel most always won when he played cards, and perhaps that's what started the talk about why he left the British Army. He was the luckiest beggar I ever knew in that line of business. We all met in the rush to the new gold-fields, which didn't pan out worth a cent, and one after another of the fellows quit and went somewhere else. But Wyoming Ed, he held on, even after Colonel Jim wanted to quit. As long as there were plenty of fellows there Colonel Jim never lacked money, although he didn't dig it out of the ground, but when the population thinned down to only a few of us, then we all struck hard times.

Now, I knew Colonel Jim was going to hold up a train. He asked me if I would join him, and I said I would if there wasn't too many in the gang. I'd been into that business afore, and I knew there was no greater danger than to have a whole mob of fellows. Three men can hold up a train better than three dozen. Everybody in the cars is scared except the express messenger, and it's generally easy to settle him, for he stands where the light is, and we shoot from the dark. Well, I thought at first Wyoming Ed was on to the business because, when we were waiting in the cut to signal the train and he talked about us going on with her to San Francisco, I believed he was only joking. I guess that Colonel Jim imagined Ed wouldn't back out and leave us in the lurch when it came to the pinch: he knew Ed was brave as a lion. In the cut, where the train would be on the up grade, the Colonel got his lantern ready, lit it, and wrapped a thin red-silk handkerchief around it. The express was timed to pass up there about



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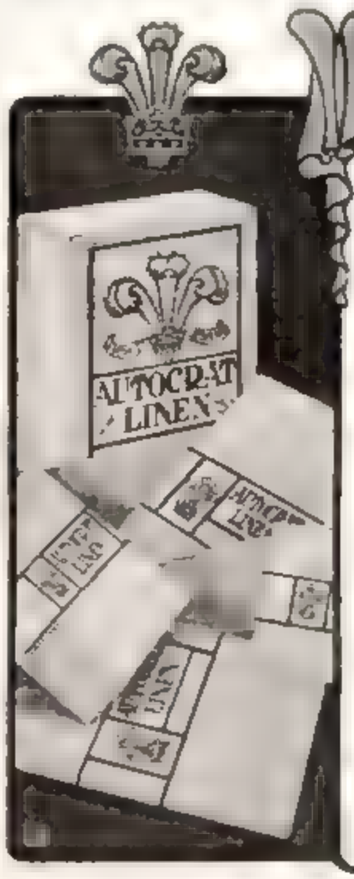

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midnight, but it was near one o'clock when her headlight came in sight. We knew all the passengers would be in bed in the sleepers, and asleep in the smoking-car and the day coach. We didn't intend to meddle with them. The Colonel had brought a stick or two of dynamite from the mines, and was going to blow open the safe in the express car, and climb out with whatever was inside.

"The train stopped to the signal all right, and the Colonel fired a couple of shots just to let the engineer know we meant business. The engineer and fireman at once threw up their hands, then the Colonel turns to Ed, who was standing there like a man pole-axed, and says to him mighty sharp, just like if he was speaking to a regiment of soldiers

'You keep these two men covered. Come on, Jack,' he says to me, and then we steps up to the door of the express car, which the fellow inside had got locked and bolted. The Colonel fires his revolver through the lock, then flung his shoulder agin the door, and it went in with a crash, which was followed instantly by another crash, for the little expressman was game right through. He had put out the lights, and was blazing away at the open door. The Colonel sprang for cover inside the car, and wasn't touched, but one of the shots took me just above the knee and broke my leg, so I went down in a heap. The minute the Colonel counted seven shots he was on to that express messenger like a tiger, and had him tied up in a hard knot before you could shake a stick. Then quick as a wink he struck a match and lit the lamp. Plucky as the express messenger was, he looked scared to death, and now, when Colonel Jim held a pistol to his head, he gave up the keys and told him how to open the safe. I had fallen back against the corner of the car, inside, and was groaning with pain. Colonel Jim was scooping out the money from the shelves of the safe and stuffing it into a bag

'Are you hurt, Jack?' he cried

'Yes, my leg's broke.'

'Don't let that trouble you—we'll get you clear, all right. Do you think you can ride your horse?'

'I don't believe it,' said I; 'I guess I'm done for.' And I thought I was

'Colonel Jim never looked round, but he went through that safe in a way that'd make your hair curl, throwing aside the bulky packages after tearing them open, taking only cash, which he pushed into a bag he had with him, till he was loaded like a millionaire. Then suddenly he swore, for the train began to move

'What is that fool Ed doing?' he shouted, jumping to his feet

"At that minute Ed came in, pistol in each hand, and his face ablaze

"'Here, you cursed thief!' he cried, 'I didn't come with you to rob a train!'

"'Get outside, you fool!' roared Colonel Jim. 'Get outside and stop this train. Jack has got his leg broke. Don't come another step toward me, or I'll kill you!'

"But Ed, he walked right on, Colonel Jim backing. Then there was a shot that rang like cannon fire in the closed car, and Ed fell forward on his face. Colonel Jim turned him over, and I saw he had been hit square in the middle of the forehead. The train was now going at good speed, and we were already miles away from where our horses were tied. I never heard a man swear like Colonel Jim. He went through the pockets of Ed, and took a bundle of papers that was inside his coat, and this he stuffed away in his own clothes. Then he turned to me

'Jack, old man,' he said, 'I can't help you. They're going to nab you, but not for murder. The expressman there will be your witness. It isn't murder, anyhow, even on my part, but self-defense. You saw he was coming at me when I warned him to keep away.'

"All this he said in a loud voice, for the expressman to hear, then he bent over to me and whispered

"'I'll get the best lawyer I can for you, but I'm afraid they're bound to convict you, and if they do I will spend every penny of this money to get you free. You call yourself Wyoming Ed at the trial. I've taken all this man's papers so that he can't be identified. And don't you worry if you're sentenced, for remember I'll be working night and day for you, and if money can get you out, you'll be got out, because these papers will help me to get the cash required, for Ed's folks are rich in England, so they'll fork over to get you out if you pretend to be him.' With that he bade me good-by, and jumped off the train.

"There, gentlemen, that's the whole story just as it happened, and that's why I thought

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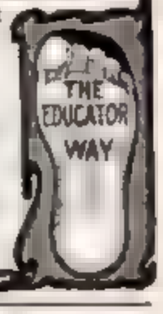

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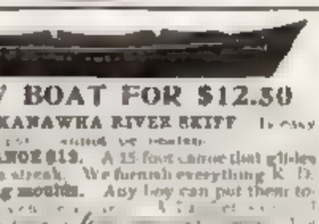

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it was Colonel Jim had sent you to get me free."

There was not the slightest doubt in my mind that the convict had told the truth and that night, at nine o'clock he identified Major Renn as the former Colonel Jim Baxter.

Sanderson placed us in a gallery where we could see but could not hear. The old man seemed determined that we should not know where we were, and took every precaution to keep us in the dark. I suppose he put us out of earshot so that if the Major mentioned names we should not be any the wiser. We remained in the gallery some time after the Major had left before Sanderson came to us again and he carried with him a packet.

"The carriage is waiting at the door," he said, "and with your permission, Mr. Valmont, I will accompany you to your flat."

Once more in my room, with the electric light turned on, I was shocked and astonished to see the expression on Sanderson's face. It was the face of a man who would grimly commit murder and hang for it.

"I think you will agree with me," he said, "that no punishment on earth is too severe for that creature calling himself Major Renn."

"I'm willing to shoot him dead in the streets of London to-morrow," said the convict, "if you give the word."

Sanderson went on implacably:

"He not only murdered the son, but for five years has kept the father in an agony of sorrow and apprehension, bleeding him of money all the time, which was the least of his crimes. To-morrow I shall tell my master that his son has been dead these five years, and heavy as that blow must prove, it will be mitigated by the fact that his son died an honest and honorable man. I thank you for offering to kill this vile criminal."

Here he untied the packet and took from it a photograph, which he handed to the convict.

"Do you recognize that?"

"Oh, yes; that's Wyoming Ed as he appeared at the mine."

The photograph Sanderson handed to me.

"An article that I read about you in the paper, Mr. Valmont, said that you could impersonate anybody. Can you impersonate this young man?"

"There's no difficulty in that," I replied.

"Then will you do this? I wish you two to dress in that fashion. I shall give you particulars of the haunts of Major Renn. I want you to meet him together or separately as often as you can, until you drive him mad, or to suicide. He believes you to be dead," said Sanderson, addressing Jack. "I am certain he has the news, by his manner to-night. He is extremely anxious to get the lump sum of money which I have been holding away from him. You may address him, for he will recognize your voice as well as your person, but I think Mr. Valmont had better not speak, as then he might know it was not the voice of my poor young master. I suggest that you meet him first together, always at night. The rest I leave in your hands, Monsieur Valmont."

With that the old man arose and left us.

Perhaps I should stop this narration here, for I have often wondered if practically I am guilty of manslaughter.

We did not meet Renn together, but arranged that he should meet Jack under one lamp-post and me under the next. It was just after midnight, and the streets were practically deserted. The theatre crowds had gone, and the traffic was represented by the last 'buses and a belated cab now and then. Major Renn came down the steps of his club, and under the first lamp-post, with the light shining full upon him, Jack the convict stepped forth and spoke the words I had taught him.

"Colonel Jim," he said, "Ed and I are waiting for you. There were three in that robbery, and one was a traitor. His dead comrades ask the traitor to join them."

The Major staggered back against the lamp-post, drew his hand across his brow, and muttered, Jack told me afterward:

"I must stop drinking; I must stop."

Then he pulled himself together, and walked rapidly toward the next lamp-post. I stood out squarely in front of him, but made no sound. He looked at me with distended eyes, while Jack shouted:

"Come on, Wyoming Ed, and never mind him. He must follow!"

Then he gave a war-whoop. The Major did not turn round, but continued to stare at me, breathing stertorously like a person with apoplexy. I slowly raised my hat, and on my brow he saw the red mark of a bullet-hole. He threw up his hands and fell with a crash to the pavement—and "heart failure" was the verdict of the coroner's jury.

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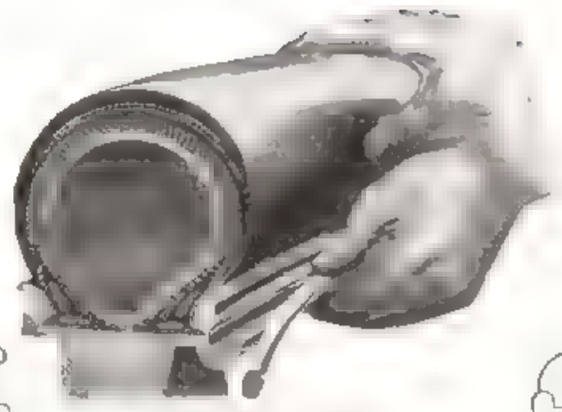

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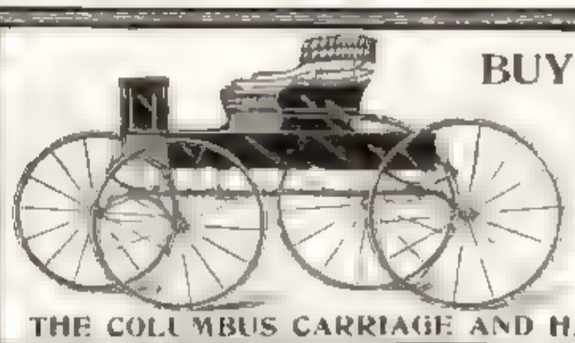

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The Young Man and College Life

(Concluded from Page 4)

particular thing you intend to do through life, it is the belief of most men who have given this subject any thought that a young man ought to take a complete general college course and supplement this by special preparation for the particular work to which he intends to devote his life.

But there is one thing to which the attention of young Americans should be directed as influencing their college life. Our country is no longer isolated. We can no longer be called a provincial people. We are decidedly a very intimate part of the world. What does all this mean? It means that in our relations we have become cosmopolitan. Therefore, we Americans ought to know other languages than our own. Charles Sumner said that if he had to go through college again he would study nothing but modern languages and history. Of course, I do not presume to advise you who are reading this paper to do that, although it is precisely what I should do if I were going through college again. But I do advise you to do this: acquire at least one language in addition to your own—French or German. Indeed, you ought to have three languages besides your own—French, German and Spanish. Of course, if you cannot get the language perfectly; if you cannot learn to read it as easily as you read English, if you cannot acquire the oral use of it with facility, do not waste your time upon it. Some people maintain that a foreign language cannot be acquired except by beginning in early youth and in the country where it is the language of the people. This, however, is certainly not true. I know Chinamen and Chinese women who speak English with idiomatic perfection, without the slightest accent and with a copious vocabulary, who learned our tongue in the mission schools in China. On the other hand, it is undoubtedly true that many of our colleges do not seem to be able to teach languages so that they can be spoken. Grammar is taught and translation is taught. But to know how to translate is not to acquire a language. Be sure then that you are not wasting your time by picking up a "smattering" of a foreign tongue. If you cannot make the language your own, throw away no time or energy upon it.

Indeed, avoid the spirit of "smatter" in all your work. Whatever you do, do that thing with the thorough perfection of a scientist making an experiment on which life depends, or of an artist producing a masterpiece of painting or sculpture. In college and in all education beware of the "jack of all trades and master of none." It is better to know all about one thing than to know a little about everything.

And history—you positively cannot get too much of that, in college and out of it. Sir William Hamilton was right—history is the study of studies. The man who occupies the chair of history in any college ought to be not only an able man—he ought to be a really great man. If ever you find such a professor, make yourself agreeable to him, absorb him, possess yourself of him.

This final word: Mingle with your fellow-students. Talk with people—with real people, those who are living real lives, doing real things under normal and natural conditions. Do all this in order that you may keep human. For you must not get the habit of keeping to your room and believing that all wisdom is confined to books. It is not. All wisdom is not confined anywhere. Some of it is in books and some of it is in trees and the earth and the stars. So far as *you* are concerned, most of it is in human touch with your fellows. For it is *men* with whom you must work. It is *men* who are to employ *you*. It is *men* whom, in your turn, you are to employ. It is the world of *men* which, in the end, you are to serve. And it is that you may serve it well that you are going to college at all—is it not?

Be *one* of these *men*, therefore; and be sure that, while you are being one of them, you are a man indeed. Be a man in college and out, and clear down to the end!

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A CURE OF SOLES

(Continued from Page 9)

dacint shoes on their feet, ma'am, and now I'll be sayin' good day, Mrs. Arrunold, ma'am, and ye'll be so good as to tell Mr Arrunold that I'm afther callin' to wish him the complimints of the blissed saison racintly passed, ma'am."

Twice nine pairs were now accounted for At the Methodist parsonage, Father McCann next located another nine pairs of shoes and personally inspected the record of nine baptisms. His next move was a tactical mistake, for the Baptist minister rather frigidly informed him that he was conscientiously opposed to infant baptism; but he stated that a Mr. Macaroni, or a person with some such name, had approached him on the subject of both baptism and shoes—to no purpose. The fourth series of nine, however, was discovered to have resulted from the baptism of little Macaronis to that number at the Presbyterian mission chapel that was just off Avenue A.

This left only one more set of shoes to be accounted for. Inquiry at several other missions failed of results, but, as a last resource, "Holy Joe" went to call upon his friend, Ensign Perkins, of the Salvation Army. She had done it. She related the pathetic story of the coming of Mr. Macaroni with his nine barefooted little ones, and of her marching them, after she had bought shoes for them all, up to the People's Tabernacle. For some reason or other, she said, when they had reached the very door of the Tabernacle, Mr. Macaroni turned and ran with all the nine at his heels, and she had never seen them since.

"And what ailed the poor man at all, at all, d'ye t'ink, Miss Insign Perkins, now?" asked Father McCann, controlling himself with effort.

"I can't imagine—except, maybe, Mr Macaroni was too bashful to go in when he saw so many swell people going in, for he was powerfully bashful, poor brother!" sighed the ensign.

"Maybe ye're right, but I knaw him very well, and I niver t'ought he was bashful Annyhow, Miss Insign Perkins, ye done well not to baptize thim children, and ye done better givin' 'em the shoes. Joost sthick to givin' poor people shoes, and dthragging drunks and booms out av the gutter, and ye'll get the blissin' av God. Good day, Miss Insign Perkins."

The two hours' work had resulted in locating forty-five pairs of shoes and thirty-six baptisms; also it had developed sufficient light to warrant Father McCann's telephoning to Mulberry Street that, for once, Mr Eckstein could not be deprived of his pledges by seizure, since—incredible as it might appear on the face of it—every solitary pair of the whole forty-five pairs of new shoes did actually belong to the foreign-looking gentleman with one leg, who had pawned them The Israelite in whom, *pro tem.*, there was no guile was accordingly released from the clutches of the law, and Father McCann, his heart rapidly sinking as the excitement of the chase wore off and the pathos of the situation grew upon him, hurried off to find his friend with the much-baptized and too frequently shod but still barefoot family.

The acquaintance of the Rev. Joseph Aloysius McCann and Signor Giuseppe Maria Maccharaboni had begun only two or three months before. They had met by chance, by the merest accident, in fact; but their acquaintance had rapidly ripened into friendship. On Signor Maccharaboni's part nothing could have been more unexpected, not to say undesired, than his meeting with Father McCann. It was one of those unforeseen accidents which go to show that there is a providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will: it had occurred at a late hour at night and at a moment when the versatile signor confidently expected to meet nobody.

On a certain Sunday evening, after vespers had been sung at the Church of the Seven Dolors, Father McCann had occasion to return to the sanctuary, and as he opened the sacristy door he spied a shaggy head which immediately ducked behind a pew, in a dim far corner of the great edifice. Gentlemen, and at rare intervals even ladies, who had not given previous notice of their intention to lodge there were frequently found peacefully sleeping under the pews, when the sexton opened the church for the five o'clock mass in the morning. The shaggy head, thought "Holy Joe," probably belonged to one of these hapless loved ones of Him who also had not where to lay His head; so he made no outcry, but quietly got what he wanted in the chancel and then, while seeming to pass out into the sacristy again, took up his watch behind the shadow of a side altar. Nothing happened for some time, but about ten o'clock the shaggy head reappeared above the back of the distant pew and a pair of keen eyes peered cautiously about the church. Finding that the coast was clear, the owner of the head arose and hobbled quickly on his wooden stump toward the vestibule where were the poor-boxes whose heavy locks he began to examine with minute interest

Then "Holy Joe" acted. Running into the house, he rang up the sergeant at the nearby police station, and in a few moments the patrol wagon with four blue-coats was standing before the church door. On the following morning Signor Maccharaboni was given an opportunity to explain matters to the magistrate, and things might have fared ill for him had not Father McCann, his counsel, set up so touching a plea. It was the gentleman's first appearance; no robbery had been committed; he had a family of nine little children; Father McCann had himself visited the home of the prisoner, where he had found a wife and nine children on the verge of starvation; and, if the court would show mercy, he, Father McCann, would undertake to find work for "the poor divil who, as yer honor sees, had tin hungry raisons fur forgettin' himself this waust." Mercy was shown, and after that Father McCann tried hard to find work for Mr. Macaroni that would fill those nine little mouths.

But a cripple stands a poor chance of success in a city where able-bodied men by the thousands walk the streets looking in vain for work. Also, Mr. Macaroni had tasted of the sweets of subterfuge and reaped the easy harvests of beggary and fraud, and every night there were the patient eyed and worn-out wife and all those yawning, hungry little mouths, so that to "Holy Joe" the dodge of the baptisms and the shoes came not with the shock of surprise

On reaching Mr. Macaroni's two-room flat on the morning of the incident of the mysterious shoes, Father McCann learned that yet one more little mouth had been added to the nine, a tiny Neapolitan having arrived during the night, and that this had so preyed upon the emotions of Mr. Macaroni that he had tried to kill himself and had been carried off only an hour before the priest's visit to the hospital in a dying condition. There was, however, the neighbors said, an unaccountable sum of money found in the pockets of Mr. Macaroni—the advance, no doubt, which Mr. Eckstein had made upon the forty-five pairs of shoes—*i. e.*, eight dollars and seventy five cents. Armed with these facts, "Holy Joe" wrote a note to each of the baptizing and shoe-providing brethren, asking them please to come to see him on the next day at nine. They came, and great was the consternation of Mrs. Doogan and the curiosity of Father O'Toole, the old pastor to whom "Holy Joe" was a perennial source of curiosity, when nine little Italians arrived and were seated in a row behind the folding doors between the front parlor and the back. Greater, however, was the consternation and the curiosity, when four ministerial-looking gentlemen and a Salvation Army lassie arrived and were seated in a row in front of the said folding doors in the front parlor.

"Are ye crazy intirely, Father McCann?" whispered the older priest as "Holy Joe" passed the door of his study at the rear end of the passage. "What at all does it all mane?

"Sh-h!" whispered "Holy Joe." "Sure, it's an icumnical council on howly baptism that I'm afther callin', and on the cure of soles, Father O'Toole. Lie low now, and there'll be somethin' doin' fur shwate charity's sake befoore the saints adjourns."

"Me dear friends," began "Holy Joe" when the ecumenical council—a sorely puzzled and not altogether comfortable body—was called to order—"Me dear friends, it has become me painful jooty to inforrum you that a quistion of grave ecclasiastickle importance has arisen respicting nine nimbers of the congregations of ivery mother's son of us all. I refer to the nine little Macaronis. Aiche and ivery wan of yese has a claim upon thim parishioners, and, be the same token, aiche and ivery wan of thim nine Macaronis has a claim upon yese as their pastors. Ye baptized thim foor distinct toimes, so ye did, and ye gave thim nine pairs of shoes foive toimes, so ye did; but, in

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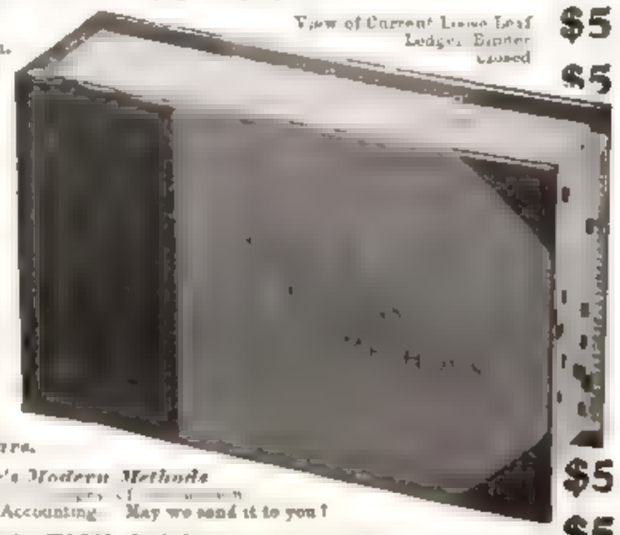

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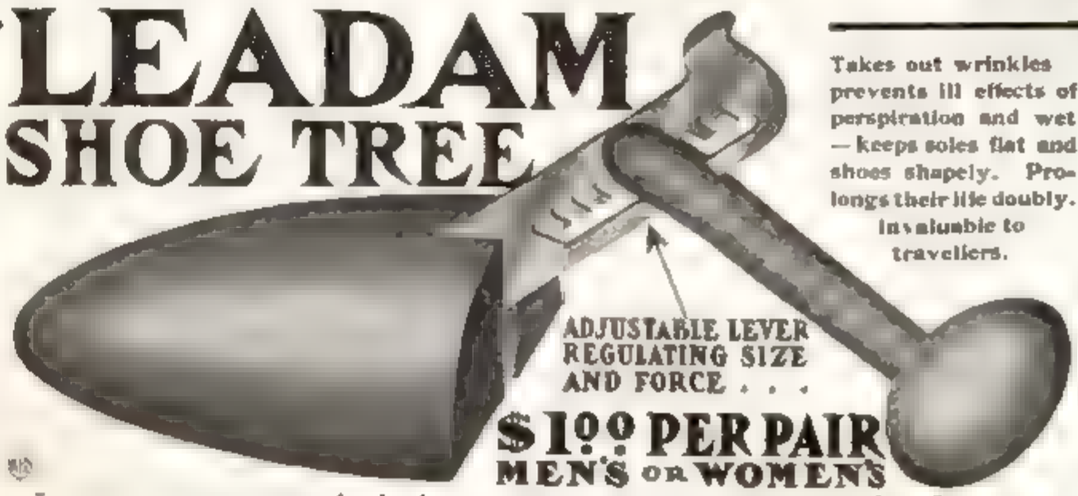

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shpite of all that, I regret to have to tell ye that these parishioners of us all are at this blissed moment in turrible nade, and I want yese all to jyne wid me in raisin' a soom of money fur their relafe."

Mr. Smithers alone seemed to catch the humor of the situation, but even he felt called upon to point out the ethical aspects of the case. The rest blushed and squirmed, but spake not.

"Well, Father McCann," said Mr. Smithers, "it is evident that we have all been played by this insinuating Signor Maccharaboni, but I for one don't propose to let the matter end here. I shall ask you to help me find the unhung fraud so that we can prosecute him."

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" pleaded "Holy Joe," lifting up both of his fat little hands deprecatingly. "Sure, sure, we shepherds moostn't be harrud on our poor shtray sheep, Mr. Smithers! Annyhow, ye can't t'ink of prosecutin' poor Mr. Macaroni!"

"I should like to know why not," said Mr. Arnold decisively, and looking at the rest.

"Because," replied Father McCann with twinkling eyes, "in the first place, ye wouldn't be so cru'l as to prosecute the father of nine—tin, I mane—little starvin' babies; and in the sicond place, ye can't poonish a man fur havin' his children baptized as often as he loikes; and in the thurd place, Mr. Macaroni is dead!"

"Dead!" cried Ensign Perkins, whose heart was larger than her head.

"Died be his own hand an hoor ago at th' 'ospital—God have mercy on 'im!" murmured "Holy Joe."

"That of course settles it," said Mr. Smithers, rising to go.

"*Wan* minute, Mr. Smithers, sir!" exclaimed Father McCann, also rising and stepping to the folding doors. "I have nine raisons to advance why ye all should drop somethin' in the collection plate fur our joint-shtock parishioners, the family of the late laminted Mr. Macaroni of baptizin' minory. Behold! The nine little Vermicellis."

He flung wide the doors and the astonished pastors beheld their sometime flock. Ensign Perkins caught up Baby Loretta in her arms, and, using her tambourine for a plate, went the round of the ecumenical council—with nothing smaller than bills as a result.

"Good-by, good-by, me friends!" sang out "Holy Joe," as he bowed his brethren out—"and God bliss ye all fur your charity to the poor; and the nixt toime that annywan but an Angly-Saxon wants yese to baptize his children, ye'd betther sind him around to us, fur yese don't maybe oondershtand th' intricacies av the Eyetalian caractur. Coom again, plase!"

The Melons in the Moonlight

Road lak' a white streak gwine 'roun' de bend—
Dar's a patch er juicy melons in de moonlight at de end!
En I lissen—en I lissen, whar I see de shadders creep,
En I wish de moon would kiver wid a cloud, en go ter sleep!
Kaze de melon seem ter say:
"Worl' will wake up wid de day,
En I sweeter dan de roses dat yo' sweetheart pull in May!"

Den I step out mighty cautious, en de gray owl holler, "Who—
In de shadders—in de moonlight—who is you?—You?—*You?*"
En I tell him: "Ef you please, suh, des ter hear en onderstan',
I only des a trav'ler in de watermelon lan'!"
Kaze de melon seem ter say:
"Worl' will wake up wid de day,
En I sweeter dan de honey er de honey-bees in May!"

En de white road lead me ter him, en I tell him, "Howdy do—
Wid de moonlight des a-kiv'rin' all yo' family en you?
I knows dat in de night-time you ez lonesome ez kin be!"
Now, you wantin' me ter tell you what de melon say ter me?
"Des lemme go yo' way!—
Worl' will wake up wid de day,
En I sweet ez honeysuckle en de reddes' rose in May!"

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

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The Memoirs of an American

(Continued from Page 11)

"Tell 'em all I am going home! Tell 'em anything you want to."

While the young man was still staring at me, Slocum burst into the room.

"Harris is out there," he said hurriedly. "He says some one is selling Meat Products common and preferred. Big chunks of it are coming on the market, and the price has dropped fifteen points during the morning."

I said nothing.

"Do you suppose it's Dround's stock?" he asked.

"Perhaps," I nodded. "It don't make much difference to us whose it is."

"We can't let it go on."

"I guess it will have to go on," I said.

Slocum looked at me wonderingly. He had seen me crawl out of a good many small holes.

"Well?" he asked at last.

"I am going home." I got up and took his arm. "Come along with me, old man. I want to get out of this noise."

The elevator dropped us into the hurly-burly of the street. Men were hurrying in and out of the brokers' offices, where the last reports for the day were coming in.

"D——n this war!" Slocum swore.

"Don't say that, man," I protested. "This war is a great thing, and every decent American ought to be proud of his country, by thunder! I am."

The lawyer looked at me as if my head had suddenly gone back on me.

"I mean it. I tell you, Slo, nations are like men. They have their work to do in this life. When it comes to an issue like this, they can't shirk any more than a man can. If they do it will be worse for them. This war will do us good, will clean us and cure us for a good long time of this cussed, little peevish distemper we have been through since '93."

"Van, you ought to be in the Senate!" he jeered.

"Perhaps I will be there one of these days, when I have finished this other job."

He laughed skeptically.

"You think it might be hard work for me to prove my patriotism to the people? Don't you believe it. The people don't remember long. And the things you and I have done which have set the newspapers talking don't worry anybody. They are just the tricks of the game."

So we sauntered on through the streets that March afternoon, discussing, like two schoolboys, patriotism and government; while back in the office we had left white-faced men were clamoring for a word with me, seeking to find out whether I had gone under at last.

"Well," Slocum finally asked, as he was leaving me, "what are you going to do about this pinch?"

"There's nothing to be done to-night. I'm going to read the papers and see what they say about the war. I am going home."

The papers were red-hot with the war spirit, and they did me good. Somehow, I was filled with gladness because of the war. Pride in the people of my country, who could so sacrifice themselves for another people, swelled my heart. Where could you read of a finer thing in all history than the way the people's wrath had compelled the corrupt, self-seeking politicians in Washington to do their will—to strike an honest blow, to redeem a suffering people!

I walked on and on in the March twilight, leaving behind me the noisy city, where was the struggle of the market. Why not go myself—why not enlist? I suddenly asked of myself. Slocum could gather up the fragments as well as I, and there would be enough left in any case for the children and Sarah.

The street was shadowed by the solid houses of the rich, the respectable stone and brick palaces of the "captains of industry," each big enough to house a dozen Jasonville families. I looked at them with the eyes of a stranger, as I had the days when I roamed Chicago in search of a job. Perhaps I had envied these men then; but small comfort had I ever had from all the wealth I had got. Food and drink, a place to sleep in, some clothes—comfort for my wife and children—what else? To-day I should like to slip back once more to the bum that landed in Chicago—unattached, unburdened, unbound.

I let myself into the silent house. Sarah and the children were at our place down in Vermilion County, where I had a house and two thousand acres of good land, to which I escaped for a few days now and then. I had my dinner and was smoking a cigar when a servant brought me word that a man was waiting to see me below. When I went down I saw a figure standing by the door holding his hat in his hands. In the dim light of the hall I could not make out his face and asked him to step into the library, where I turned on the light. It was the preacher, Hardman.

"What do you want?" I asked in some surprise.

"I suppose I ought not to trouble you here at this hour, Mr. Harrington," he began timidly. "But I am much worried. You remember that investment you were kind enough to make for me a few years ago?"

His question recalled to my mind the fact that he had given me a little inheritance which had come to his wife, asking me to invest it for him. I had put it into some construction bonds.

"What about it?" I asked.

He stammered out his story. Some one had told him that I was in a bad shape; he had read some piece in the paper about the road, and he had become scared. It had not occurred to him to sell his bonds before he preached that little sermon at me, but, now that my sins were apparently about to overtake me at last, he wished to save his little property from pollution.

"Why don't you sell?" I asked.

"I have tried to," he admitted, "but the price is very low."

"So you thought I might take your bonds? Got them there?"

"My wife thought, as your ——" he stammered.

I waved my hand and he drew the bonds from his coat pocket. As I sat down to write a check I said jokingly:

"Better hustle around to the bank to-morrow and get your cash."

"I trust you aren't seriously troubled by this panic," he replied, with a mixture of fear and hypocrisy.

"Gold's the thing these days!" I laughed.

The cashier at the bank told me afterward that Hardman made such a fuss when he went to cash his check that they actually had to hand him out six thousand dollars in gold coin!

The preacher-man had no more than crawled out with profuse words than I had another caller. This time it was a young doctor of my acquaintance. He was trying to put on an indifferent air, as if he had been used to financial crises all his life. He had his doubts in his eyes, however, and I took him into my confidence.

"If you possibly can, stick to what you have got. It may take a long time for prices to get back to the right place, but this tumble is only temporary. Have faith—faith in your judgment, faith in your country!"

I knew something of his story, of the hard fight he had made to get his education, of his marriage and his wife's sickness, with success always put off into the future. He had brought me his scrapings and savings, and I had made the most of them.

When at last the doctor had gone away somewhat reassured, I sat down to think. There were a good many others like these two—little people or well-to-do, who had put their faith in me and had trusted their money to my enterprises. Not much, each one; but in every case a cruel sum to lose. They had brought me their savings, their legacies, because they knew me and had heard that I had made money rapidly. Could I leave them now?

I might be willing to go off to Cuba and see my own fortune fade into smoke. But how about their money? No—it was not a simple thing just to go broke by one's self! To-morrow my office would be crowded by these followers, and there would be letters and telegrams from those who couldn't get there. So back to the old problem. I rested my head on my hands and went over in my mind the situation, the amount of my loans, the eternal question of credit—where to get a handhold to stay me while the whirlwind passed, as I knew it must pass.

So, hour after hour, I wrestled with myself. Ordinarily I could close my eyes on any danger and get that sleep Nature owes every hardworking sinner. But not to-night. I sat with my hands locked, thinking. Along about midnight there sounded in the silent house a ring at the door-bell: it was a messenger-boy with a delayed telegram. When I tore it open it read:

"Remember my letter." It was dated from Washington and was signed "J. D."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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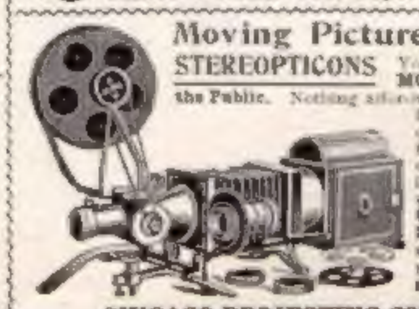

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